

# The Outlook

Vol. 65

August 18, 1900

No. 16

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# The Outlook

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## China: The Situation in Peking

In direct proportion with the military successes of the allies, the Chinese Government has shown an increasing disposition to yield to the demands of the Powers, culminating in the edict authorizing Li-Hung-Chang to act as mediator between China and the Powers. In reply, the United States points out that it cannot negotiate while its Minister in Peking is under restraint, but offers to favor a cessation of hostilities by the allies on condition that foreign troops be admitted to Peking to escort the Ministers and their attendants to Tientsin. Communication between the representatives of the nations in Peking and their home Governments has been opened, and although a full and adequate account of the situation there has not yet been given, several cipher despatches from Mr. Conger, Sir Claude Macdonald, and other Ministers have been received by their home Governments. All these despatches show that the Chinese authorities in Peking have urged the members of the legations to accept Chinese escort to Tientsin; this the Ministers have again and again refused—wisely when we remember the fate which befell many of the diplomats who trusted to similar Chinese promises in 1859. This attitude of the Ministers has been approved by the United States, and apparently by some other countries; the only exception has been that of Russia, which is said to have given its Minister, M. Giers, permission to leave the capital under Chinese escort; we imagine, however, that the Russian Government intends to leave it to M. Giers's own judgment to determine whether such a step might be taken in safety or not. The despatches received from the legations further indicate that the situa-

tion is still desperate. Mr. Conger's despatches are the strongest on this point. One dated as late as August 4 says that, although the situation is desperate, the legations will hold out indefinitely. Previously Mr. Conger had cabled that to leave Peking with a Chinese escort would be to go to certain death, that there was continued rifle-firing upon the legations by Imperial troops, and that ammunition and provisions were scarce. Our Government promptly notified the Chinese Emperor that the firing upon the embassies must cease and adequate protection be given, and urged the Emperor to co-operate with the allies' forces in relieving the legations. An indication of characteristic Chinese duplicity is seen in the fact that Mr. Conger states that the foreign Ministers had been assured by the Tsungli-Yamen that the various foreign Governments had repeatedly asked that their Ministers depart immediately from Peking under suitable escort; this, of course, was nothing more than a falsehood, pure and simple. As Mr. Conger says, only foreign troops can safely escort the foreigners now in Peking, who number in all nearly eight hundred. In all its communications with the Chinese authorities our Government has maintained unwaveringly and consistently its position that the United States desires no partition of territory, and aims only at the safety of the foreigners now in Peking and the establishment of order and security. Great Britain is supposed to hold the same views, but some doubt has been thrown upon British ultimate intentions by the landing of British troops at Shanghai. It is urged that there is no need for the occupation of Shanghai; that all the troops that can be brought to China are urgently needed at the front, and that

there is danger that the presence of British troops in Shanghai will enrage the people in the southern provinces, who have hitherto held aloof from violence. A request to our Government from China to remonstrate with Great Britain has been promptly refused on the ground that our Government is positive in its determination not to negotiate with China until the conditions already laid down by the United States have been complied with.



#### The Military Advance

The victory at Peitsang recorded in The Outlook last week has been followed by a rapid advance on the part of the allies. They now hold the important strategical position at the town of Yangtsun. This place is at the juncture of the road to Peking with an important highway which also reaches Peking from a different direction, passing through several towns. From Yangtsun the allies command three routes, namely, the river, the railroad, and the highway. The resistance by the Chinese, although considerable, lacked the firmness and courage displayed in the battle of Peitsang. Later accounts show that in the last-named engagement the honors were won by the Japanese soldiers, who bore the brunt of the fighting throughout and distinguished themselves by gallantry in many ways. The American forces did not reach the field of battle in time to take a prominent part in the engagement. At Yangtsun, on the other hand, the Americans and British led the attack and acted with conspicuous courage. General Chaffee reports the American loss at about sixty, while the British lost a larger number. Reports say that the Chinese were astonished and disorganized by the British lyddite shells, and some prisoners, referring to the lyddite, declare that the British poured poison upon them. Reinforcements in considerable number will soon be due at Tientsin, and there seems to be no reason why the advance begun with such success should not be rapidly continued. The distinguished German soldier, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, has been suggested by the German Emperor as commander-in-chief of all the allied forces, and the other nations have agreed seemingly with unanimity and good spirit to the

appointment. Military experts, however, think that the present campaign, which is concerned chiefly with the march to Peking and the relief of the members of the legations, will be over long before Count Waldersee can reach the scene of action, as it will take him six weeks to journey rapidly to Tientsin. For this very reason it seems apparent that the German Emperor does not propose to cease his war against China with the capture of Peking and the relief of the legations. Indications are increasing that Germany and Russia propose to take stringent measures with China, and probably to insist on very large concessions of territory, while Japan, with Great Britain and the United States, stands committed against partition. The Russians report great military successes in the northern campaign, including the capture of Newchang and the defeat of the Chinese at other points. English despatches assert that Russia is concentrating four hundred thousand men for an Eastern campaign, and will occupy all Manchuria and probably much territory to the westward. Since the battle of Yangtsun (which took place on August 6) there has been an extraordinary scarcity of military news. But on Monday of this week a cable despatch was received at the War Department from General Chaffee announcing his arrival on August 9 at Hosiwu, which is half-way between Tientsin and Peking. This shows a rapid advance by the American forces, and predictions are made that the allies may be at the Peking gates within the week.



#### Barbarism in Warfare

It is worthy of remark that the adoption by the Peace Conference, called at the Czar's request, of agreements and resolutions opposing the use of inhumane methods in warfare has been followed, in point of fact, by charges of inhumane conduct such as the world had not known for many years previous to the Congress. The charges and counter-charges between the British and Boers in South Africa in regard to the use of improper bullets and the abuse of the flag of truce are familiar to our readers. In the Philippines the now disorganized native bands are reported to kill individual soldiers treacherously and otherwise to violate the recognized

rules of war, while the press correspondents assert that, in revenge for such outrages, the American soldiers are putting to the sword indiscriminately the people in villages where such acts have been committed. These charges, however, are not, so far, supported by adequate evidence. And now in China very difficult questions arise as to the methods of dealing with barbarian antagonists, while some of the auxiliary forces of the allies, such as the Russian Cossacks, are hardly less barbarian. The stories of Russian brutality in China increase in number and in the directness of the evidence. Thus Mrs. Drew, wife of the British Commissioner of Customs at Tientsin, declares that the Russians "pillaged, looted, tortured, and murdered right and left. There were many infants and children killed by bayonet-thrusts." Dr. Clifford, of the Tientsin University, and the Rev. Frank Haynes, a Methodist missionary, confirm the reports, Dr. Clifford saying that he was eyewitness to eight cold-blooded murders of old and infirm Chinese; while Mr. McIntosh, an American civilian at Tientsin, declares also that the Japanese spared no prisoners. As to the Germans, while no such charges of barbarism in battle have been made, it is generally admitted that their conduct toward the Chinese in and near the German concession of Kiaochau has been uniformly brutal; and the German Emperor's recent speech about the war was, to say the least, provocative of extreme measures on the part of the German soldiery. Simultaneously, a Japanese soldier, Lieutenant von Krohn, who was wounded at Taku, calmly declares that the capture of prisoners is an impossibility, as the Chinese are not civilized enough for that kind of warfare. He adds: "Under the circumstances of the present warfare in China, the allies have been and probably will be in future compelled to kill the wounded with the bayonet." We need not say that the conduct of the American soldiers in China has been free from acts of cruelty, and it is with great pleasure that we add that the universal testimony is to the effect that the Americans took no share in the looting of Tientsin. The fact that some of our allies have been guilty of such conduct as has been above described adds to the cogent force of our Government's

policy, namely, that of confining its efforts to rescuing the Peking prisoners, to establishing order, and to securing the safety of foreigners for the future.



**The Boer War** Perhaps the most sensational, though not the most important, news from Pretoria the past week has been the disclosure of a plot to seize and carry off Lord Roberts. The plot appears to have been thwarted in its early stages, and Lord Roberts himself speaks of it in a contemptuous manner. The Boers during the week scored an important success in the capture at Elands River of a British force of about three hundred men. On the other hand, there have been several surrenders of the Boer forces to the British, aggregating within the last week or two several thousand men. In the surrender of Harri-smith to the British a substantial gain has been made in the occupation of the country; still another partial success has been in the driving of General De Wet northward across the Vaal River. The British commanders had evidently expected to intercept General De Wet and capture his entire force, but the astute leader repeated his former exhibitions of extreme mobility, and withdrew safely with his guns. General Methuen came up in time to engage General De Wet, but not in time to arrest his movement, while General Buller, who has been moving toward the present main Boer position, has not as yet accomplished any serious result. English papers are now inclined to criticise the slowness of the final steps of the campaign, and to receive with impatience the news of minor Boer successes in intercepting convoys, capturing detachments, and evading decisive action. It is certainly somewhat mortifying for English journals to remember that, while the entire Boer force in arms can hardly exceed twenty thousand, there have been over two hundred thousand British soldiers sent to South Africa, while to this day General Roberts declares that it is impossible to spare any of his forces for the operations in China. The rumor that President Kruger was making overtures for surrender appears to have little or no basis, but there is more substance in the report that many of the burghers

in and about Pretoria are anxious for a conclusion of the war.



**The British War Loan  
Subscribed Here**

An unprecedented event in international finance took place last week when one-half of the new British war loan of \$50,000,000 was allotted to American subscribers, and its whole amount applied for here. The subscription books were not formally opened until Monday, and were closed on Tuesday morning, the entire issue having already been over-subscribed. In London there was some criticism of the Government because of the early closing of the books and the awarding of half the loan to American subscribers, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer justified the Government's action by stating that the terms upon which the new issue was offered seemed to be received with little favor by the London bankers consulted in advance, and therefore the offer of an Anglo-American house to dispose of half the bonds in America was accepted. To all investors except the National banks the terms of the English loan are more favorable than those of recent American loans. The English bonds nominally bear but 3 per cent., but they are issued at 98, and are to be redeemed at par in three years. Thus the investors receive  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. Our own war loan bore 3 per cent., and the more recent refunding bonds bear but 2 per cent., and these exceptionally low rates are due to the fact that all National banks holding our bonds are allowed to receive from the Government an equal amount of bank notes, which are taxed but half of one per cent. a year, and can be lent to the banks' patrons at the current rate of interest. Because of these privileges attached to the ownership of American bonds the latter do not afford a fair index of the normal rate of interest on public loans in this country. Our State and city bonds afford a much fairer index. Even these, however, indicate that the public can borrow money in this country as cheaply as in England. The fact that the new English consols will bear three and a half per cent. ought to dissipate the illusion that the rate of interest is constantly and rapidly falling. It has fallen rapidly in

this country since the Civil War, but England borrowed money during the long peace in the middle of the eighteenth century at the same rate at which it is now borrowing for the prosecution of the Boer war at the close of the nineteenth. Owing, in part, to the fact that forty per cent. of the new bonds allotted to this country must be paid for in coin shipped to England, last week's exports of gold were exceptionally large.



**Lord Russell** To Americans the episode most memorable in the career of the late Baron Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, who died on Friday of last week at the age of sixty-seven, is that connected with the dispute in regard to Venezuela; and, indeed, Lord Russell's wise advice and judicial conduct in that matter made for peace and good feeling between England and America in a notable degree. In saying this we refer not merely to his services as one of the arbitrators at Paris of the Venezuelan controversy, but even more to the address made by him on the subject when in this country as a guest of the American Bar Association, at its annual meeting in 1896 at Saratoga. This address has been truly termed one of the greatest contributions to the cause of international arbitration. In it he gave the following admirable definition of civilization:

Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for peace.

In England Lord Russell's fame will rest, not only on his recognized ability as a great judge and worthy successor of Mansfield and the other historic Lord Justices, but upon his political career and personality. Before Lord Russell became Lord Chief Justice he won an enviable reputation at the bar in many famous cases. Perhaps the best known of these to Americans is the Maybrick case, in which he worked, although vainly, with the greatest ability and energy

for his client. As a politician he was prominent in the Liberal ranks, and held office as Attorney-General in 1896. Before this even he had been an ardent supporter of Home Rule for Ireland; and his selection as counsel for Mr. Parnell in the trial before the special commission was almost inevitable. In this trial Sir Charles (as he was then) won the foremost place at the English bar, for friends and enemies of Parnell agreed that the defense was masterly. Lord Russell was a man of many interests in many directions. It was characteristic of him that he insisted upon having his peerage limited to his own life, as a personal protest against the idea of a hereditary peerage, to which he had always been openly opposed. Americans read with some surprise and amusement that it was not unusual for Lord Russell to adjourn an important case in order to attend a horse-race; the fact illustrates the difference of feeling in England and America on the general subject of racing. Perhaps no Englishman in public life had a finer or more intellectual face than Lord Russell, as may be judged from the excellent portrait which will be found on our cover this week.



#### The Flow of the Nile

England's government of Egypt has had no more important or encouraging result than the advances made in solving the problem of Nile irrigation, which has been for time immemorial Egypt's all-important agricultural and industrial question. The great Assouan dam when finished will furnish the means of storing up a thousand million cubic meters of water, and now it is seriously proposed to dam also the Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza, and thereby multiply this reserve by over two hundred. The undertaking is truly stupendous, and the cost (reckoned at a million pounds sterling) is not as startling as the enormous amount of labor under peculiar difficulties. Yet Mr. Willcocks, until lately the head of the governmental department of reservoirs, in an article in an English magazine declares that it is quite feasible, and the only sound method of permanent improvement. The magnitude of the benefit to follow may be judged from the estimate that the increase of value in the total yearly crops of the Nile Valley would be something like \$45,000,-

000. Even so temporary and partial a remedy as that just applied in cutting away the vegetation which has been blocking up the channels of Bahr el Gebel has saved, Mr. Willcocks asserts, half this year's cotton crop and thereby averted a loss of \$20,000,000. It is evident that Egypt is to continue to be a fascinating land for engineers and industrial contractors of imagination and courage.



**Finland** The announcement that one steamship line alone has agreed to bring over fifty-five thousand Finnish peasants to America this year calls renewed attention to the reasons for such emigration. Last year fifteen thousand Finns left their own country for other lands; this year the number will be many times greater. Finland is said to have about twenty-five hundred thousand inhabitants. No other region so far north is as intelligently tilled; eleven-twelfths of the population are agriculturists, and for their instruction in the best methods of farming the Finnish Government has supported a dozen schools. During the past two years, however, these agriculturists have suffered from unusual cold and widespread floods, ruining much of their rye crop, the main breadstuff of the land—a disaster which, however, would not have caused much if any emigration. The real reason is found in the fact that last year the young Czar gave the lie to the solemn assurances which his ancestors had renewed since 1808, when Alexander I. wrested Finland from Sweden and confirmed the Finns in all the constitutional rights and privileges which they had before enjoyed, the only change being that of suzerainty from Sweden to Russia. On their part the Finns have unswervingly kept the pledge, in return for which they enjoyed local self-government, and the ruler of all the Russias has been safer in the streets of Helsingfors than in those of St. Petersburg. There have been almost countless conspiracies in Russia since 1808; there never has been one in Finland. It may be that the desire of Nicholas II. to Russianize Finland was due to the very virtue and ability of the Finns themselves. It is well known that there are no better sailors than the Finns; they have long manned the Imperial Russian navy. In his desire to

strengthen the Russian army, the Czar must have wished to compel his Finnish subjects to serve. The disaster to Finland would have been only half as great had the Czar stopped there. He resolved upon a complete Russianization. When the separate organization of the Finnish army was seen to be a thing of the past, he ordered Russian officers to displace Finnish in the organization of local affairs. Following this, Finnish postage-stamps and even the Finnish flag went by the board. Nicholas II. not only refused to receive the indignant appeal signed in a fortnight by half a million of his Finnish subjects, but crowned his acts of oppression by laying an autocratic hand upon the Finnish schools, by far the best schools in Russia, and, indeed, among the best in all Europe. The Czar ordered the Russian language to be exclusively used in those schools, and furthermore proclaimed as seditious half the studies which had hitherto been pursued. The Finns, Lutheran in religion, now saw themselves also menaced by a Greek Catholic proselytizing crusade suggesting Spanish methods. These things could have but one result. Comprehending the vanity of resistance to superior force, many decided to leave Finland. They have done so in a year when Russia has rung with denunciations of other oppressors! The only advantage to the world seems to be in the addition to the population of the United States and Canada of a particularly hard-working, enterprising, well-educated, and thrifty people. Would that all our immigrants were equally desirable.



#### Mr. Towne's Withdrawal

Mr. Towne's letter declining the Populist nomination for the Vice-Presidency is skillfully framed to avoid offending the party pride of those to whom it is addressed. He begins by expressing his appreciation of the honor conferred, and also his appreciation of the generous attitude taken by the People's party when it nominated a Democrat for President and a Silver Republican for Vice-President, in order to secure the complete union of all the parties having common ends. Mr. Towne makes no attempt to conceal his own disappointment that the Democratic Convention, for geographical and other reasons, determined to nominate a

man who was a Democrat in name as well as in principle. To the character of his successful rival both as a man and as an anti-monopolist Mr. Towne pays a cordial tribute, and then puts his own position in the following words:

When Mr. Stevenson had been nominated, what was it my duty to do? My name had gone before the Convention along with his and I had been beaten. The nomination had been made decisively and with absolute fairness. The candidate chosen was personally unexceptionable; his loyalty to our principles was beyond question, and his career had been a long exemplification of them. Manifestly it was my duty to support that nomination.

Acting upon this conviction, he had persuaded the Silver Republican Convention not to nominate him, and had asked the Populist committee to await his final answer when the situation had become clearer to all. The situation at the present time, he said, is clear to all. "Everybody knows that either Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Roosevelt is to be the next Vice-President of the United States. I am expected to take a laborious part in the campaign. I shall, of course, advocate the election of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Stevenson. In what light should I appear before the American people if, while advocating the election of one ticket, I should be going through the form of running on another?" In conclusion, Mr. Towne asks permission to express his satisfaction with the present attitude of the Democratic party. In 1896 he had feared that the Chicago platform had been adopted through an impulse that would be short-lived. The Kansas City platform had convinced him that the Democratic party under Mr. Bryan's leadership was the present hope of all who cared for the principles which the People's party and the Silver Republicans have at heart. Upon the receipt of Mr. Towne's letter the Executive Committee of the People's party issued a call for a meeting of the National Committee, which without much doubt will replace the name of Mr. Towne with that of Mr. Stevenson, and thus virtually mold into one the three parties which support Mr. Bryan.



#### The Alabama Election

The election in Alabama last week was practically uncontested, except in the old Populist strongholds, and most of these were reclaimed by the Democrats. Four

years ago and six years ago the Populists, with the aid of the Republicans, elected about forty members of the Legislature, or about one-third of the whole body. Two years ago, when there was little or no fusion with the Republicans, they elected about twenty members. This year they seem to have elected but six. Apparently the great body of the Populists in the South as well as in the West have become a part of the Democratic party under its new leadership. The new Legislature in Alabama will contain no Republicans whatever. The aggregate popular vote for the two opposition parties will hardly exceed thirty thousand, as against ninety thousand in 1896. The Democratic majority seems to be in the neighborhood of sixty-five thousand. What was of most importance in the election was the majority given for the proposal to call a Constitutional Convention to disfranchise the illiterate blacks. The Populists, as well as the Republicans, opposed the Convention, and urged that the votes of illiterate whites would be endangered; but the Democratic leaders definitely pledged that no white man should be denied the right to vote. The overwhelming majority in favor of the Convention of course means that virtually the same proposition that was adopted in North Carolina will be proposed and adopted in Alabama, unless a decision is secured from the United States Supreme Court declaring that an amendment disfranchising illiterates because of their color violates the Constitution of the United States; or unless the Republican party at the North shall demand that the representation of the Southern States in Congress must be abridged in proportion as the suffrage is abridged. If the Republican leaders should make this demand, they would go no further than the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution requires. The exact text of this Amendment, so far as it relates to the apportionment of Congressmen, is as follows:

When the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives to Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of the State, or the Members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United

States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens, twenty-one years of age, in such State.

Every Congressman who swears to obey the Constitution of the United States swears to obey this article in the Constitution. If the white people at the North demand that the Constitution be enforced, the Southern States may decide to allow the negro the suffrage rather than lessen their own power in the National Government.



#### Direct Primaries in Wisconsin

The Republican Convention in Wisconsin has not only nominated ex-Congressman La Follette for Governor, as was anticipated in our paragraph two weeks ago, but has adopted a platform championing the principle of direct primaries in a more uncompromising way than we dared hope. It reads as follows:

The great reformation effected in our general elections through the Australian ballot inspired us with confidence to apply the same method in making nominations, so that every voter may exercise his sovereign right of choice by direct vote without the intervention or interference of any political agency. We therefore demand that caucuses and conventions for the nominations of candidates for offices be abolished by legislative enactment, and that all candidates for State, Legislative, Congressional, and county offices be nominated at primary election, upon the same day, by direct vote, under the Australian ballot.

Evidently the agitation which Mr. La Follette began four years ago has been crowned with complete success. Government by the machine, without the consent of the rank and file of the voters, will be made impossible if his platform is transformed into law. The machine remains, but its position is that of servant instead of master. In South Carolina and Georgia, as we have before had occasion to state, the system of direct nominations adopted by the Democratic party has made the influence of the machine so small that a candidate is almost as likely to be injured as to be helped if the machine is believed to support his claim. The chief tactical objection urged against direct primaries is the danger that a contest within the party prior to the nomination makes it more difficult to restore complete party union

after the nominations are made. From the standpoint of the partisan this objection has weight when a single party is asked to adopt the system, but it disappears when the law requires the opposing party to adopt it also. To people who are not partisans, the fact that direct primaries require all the voters to discuss the merits of their party candidates before they are blinded by the fact that these candidates have the party indorsement is a reason for favoring direct nominations. Democracy becomes a reality only where the great mass of citizens consider independently what men and what measures shall receive their support. The fact that direct nominations and direct legislation compel citizens to consider both candidates and measures without party bias is the fact which most commends them to those who care for the elevation of our political life.



#### The Slower Growth of Cities

The reports which the Census Bureau is giving out regarding the population of various cities are almost uniformly creating disappointment in the places most concerned. Very few large cities have maintained during the past decade the ratio of increase which they showed during the decade preceding. In Cincinnati, Ohio, for example, the census this year reports a population of only 325,000, or less than thirty thousand more than in 1890; and in Chicago, Ill., where two million people were confidently claimed, the official figure is reported to be 1,697,000. In the case of Chicago the figure reported shows an increase of more than fifty per cent. over 1890; but inasmuch as the census of that year had shown a gain of a hundred per cent. over 1880, Chicagoans are generally disappointed not to have it again a hundred per cent. This disappointment, while natural, is not altogether justifiable. Nearly every citizen will admit that the increasing size of our great cities makes the problem of their government more difficult, and also makes more difficult the problem of adequate house accommodations, and any playground accommodations for the people. Politically, socially, morally even, there is ground for congratulation in the fact that the concentration of population in the great cities is taking place less rapidly

than at any time since the era of railroads began. One of the reasons for the falling off may have been the prolonged business depression, since during a business depression it is the cities which suffer most from the stopping of work, and their growth at such seasons is exceptionally hampered. The other reason, however, and probably the main reason, why the centers of population show a lessening increase, is the fact that during the last decade rapid trolley service and cheap suburban transportation on the steam railroads have made it possible for a far greater number of people to have homes in the country instead of rooms in the city. Professor Commons, in his recent investigation of railway rates in Massachusetts, finds that, while long-distance fares are nearly as great as they were half a century ago, commutation tickets to people who go in and out from their work every day have fallen fifty per cent. during the present decade. The railroads have made these reductions because of trolley competition, and by means of them a great number of people whose business calls them daily to Boston continue to live in their old homes as far away as Worcester. All over the country the railroads have made reductions similar in kind if not in degree, and all over the country the new trolley service has enabled people to live several miles from their work and still reach it in half an hour. The decentralizing force which is thus exerted is a factor for good and for good only.



#### Old Home Week in Maine

When Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, suggested last year the setting apart of an "old home week" to recall the sons and daughters of that State who are scattered all over the country, he seems to have planted an institution that may take possession of all New England. Last week it was observed in Maine, and nearly every town and village in the State seems to have joined in its celebration. A State association had been formed, and its officers arranged to have each of the three hundred towns in the State form local associations. These local associations or committees were asked to furnish the names and probable addresses of all who had gone out from their communities into other States or countries. The response

to this appeal was little short of marvelous. According to the New York "Tribune," more than one hundred thousand invitations were sent out over the Nation to addresses secured in this manner, each invitation being signed by the Governor of the State. Thousands who had not visited their old homes for years responded to these invitations. From Seattle, Washington, came a special car; and from Massachusetts two special trains were needed to bring to Portland the thousands of Maine-born men and women who wished to be present at the celebration of State Day in that city at the beginning of the week. At this Portland celebration there was a parade of the State's military and civic bodies, and also one of several thousand blue-jackets of the North Atlantic squadron, who were present under the direction of Secretary Long, a son of Maine. At the commemorative exercises in the City Hall ex-Speaker Reed was present, and received an ovation exceeding in enthusiasm anything ever accorded him while the leader of his party in Congress. In the course of his address—half humorous, half serious—he said that Maine was "not the garden-spot of America," but was "the summer paradise of all this world;" she "may not have furnished great wealth gathered from her own soil, but she has furnished men who have made one broad belt from ocean to ocean the scene of strong endeavor and of successful and vigorous life."



#### Summer Heat and Public Health

Dr. Henry D. Chapin, of this city, recently published in the "Medical Record" a paper upon "The Effect of Summer Heat upon the Public Health," which is of as much interest to laymen as to physicians. He begins by showing from the health records of New York City that with the return of each July the number of deaths from intestinal diseases suddenly trebles, producing among children a mortality that is simply appalling. During the last five years the number of children under five years who have died of diarrhoea alone in the city of New York has aggregated 1,197 during June and 4,320 during July. The enormous excess during July, says Dr. Chapin, is in a large measure preventable, and in a considerable

measure preventable through public action. The public cannot require mothers to cut off their children from milk diet when fermentation has once begun in the intestines, but the public can lessen the use of milk that will ferment. The law, he says, now requires a minimum proportion of cream, and it should establish a standard of freshness as well. The keeping of milk cool by means of ice should be required from those who handle milk for sale, as well as urged upon all consumers. In this connection Dr. Chapin points out the public necessity of a plentiful supply of cheap ice. In 1896, he recalls, the Board of Health found it necessary to secure from the city authorities the free distribution of ice in order to check the alarming death-rate among little children. The present attempt to corner the ice market for commercial greed is a crime against public health as well as against public comfort. Other food supplies also can be watched by public authorities so as to prevent disease, and the cleaning of the streets—flushing them if necessary to prevent the presence of decaying matter—can do much to better health conditions. Still another point is urged which will interest all who are concerned for the beauty of our cities. We print Dr. Chapin's words with but little condensation, in the hope that they may help on a movement which promises to lessen what Morris calls the sad contrast between the fields where the beasts live and the cities where men live:

As trees maintain an average mean temperature of 54° F. in all seasons, it is easy to see what a constant cooling influence they possess in an atmosphere of 90°. Add to this the constant exhalation from the leaves of watery vapor that has been absorbed from the moisture in the soil and from the surrounding air, and the cooling effect is much enhanced. This takes place most actively during the heated portion of the day, when it is most needed. A general purification of the air is not the least benefit to be derived from vegetation, as carbonic acid is absorbed and oxygen given out, just the reverse of what takes place in the animal economy. The purifying and cooling influence of trees placed uniformly through the city would have a marked influence on the public health in summer.



**The Northfield Conference** Among the interesting occurrences of last week was the introduction by Mr. Sankey to a large audience, many of

whom desired to see her, of the blind hymn-writer, Fanny J. Crosby, now about eighty years of age. She made a brief but earnest address, full of Christian joy and praise. A striking sermon by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of England, who it was thought last year might take a conspicuous pulpit in this country, emphasized the New Testament idea of the Holy Spirit as a socializing power. He regarded the lapse of the Church from the Christian ideal as more lamentable in this than in any other respect. He presented this ideal of the oneness in the Spirit, which the Apostles' Creed phrases as "the Communion of Saints," as "the realization of the dream of brotherhood, . . . of the true communism, the realization in the family of God of the one and only socialism." Wealth was not to be divided up, but was to be consecrated to a ministration to human needs. This socializing power of the Holy Spirit also meant, he said, for those who obey it, "perpetual war with evil, with the things which blight men, whether they are vested interests or not," and nothing seemed sadder to him than the fact that the Church of Christ is so powerless in these matters. No new organization could retrieve the situation; nothing but a revival of faith in the Holy Spirit, and a practical realizing, as well as confessing, the Lordship of Christ. In another discourse Mr. Morgan, having said that part of the Holy Spirit's work is "to put an end to stealing," thus defined the word: "Stealing does not here mean picking a pocket, but living without work. Every one who is not laboring in some form is stealing from some one who is." The ethical note is as distinctive and vigorous in Mr. Morgan's preaching as it was in Mr. Moody's, and it is reported that there is to be a renewal of the endeavor to induce him to accept a pulpit in this vicinity. Among other well-known speakers during the week were the Revs. F. B. Meyer and R. A. Torrey, and the Rev. Drs. H. G. Weston and A. C. Dixon. The attraction of Northfield for young people, who come in yearly increasing numbers, has occasioned special arrangements for a Sunday-School Institute, to be held August 13-19 in charge of Mr. John Willis Baer, Secretary of the United Christian Endeavor Society. The spirit of the great evangelist manifestly abides

with the strong helpers whom he gathered about him. Both in numbers and in zeal this year's Conference, while manifestly conscious of the shadow cast by his departure, illustrates the saying, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."



#### The Anglican Controversy

Two significant utterances have lately been made in the House of Lords on the occasion of an inquiry by Lord Portsmouth as to what was to be done in view of "continued lawlessness in the Church of England." Was the Prime Minister, he asked, disposed to act on the line of a resolution adopted last year by the House of Commons, declaring that there must be fresh legislation to secure obedience to the present laws of the Church and State, in case the efforts then making by the Archbishops should not prove speedily effectual? To this Lord Salisbury replied that the question was not one of political jurisdiction—a position which seems more airy than solid in an Establishment made by Parliamentary enactment. The Archbishop of Canterbury, on the other hand, made a plea for patience with present difficulties, and reliance on the effect of "quiet and steady perseverance." One wing of the Protestant party is evidently preparing for political action; the other wing is evidently neither ready for it nor inclined to it. While the "Standard" says that if the Church is to be held together, it can only be by the enforcement of the law of the State against illegalities, the "Christian World" points out that this would cut on both sides, since the omission by Broad Churchmen to say the pseudo-Athanasian Creed on prescribed occasions, or neglect of other clear requirements of the Prayer-Book, is as illegal as any of the extravagances of Ritualists. Leagues of women have now entered the field on both sides. The Protestant league is organizing a campaign of education by lectures and leaflets, to impress the public mind with the real nature and merits of the issue between the Protestant and the Romanizing parties in the Church. The "Churchwomen's League of Prayer," whose name seems to confuse the distinction between the whole and a part of the Church, proposes a similar line of action

"during the present attack on Catholic faith and practice," and aims "to unite all who are willing to put Church before party politics, and to maintain the right of the Church to govern herself in spiritual matters." The members are entitled to our sympathy with their idea of a self-governing Church. But it is curious that any who assert the Church's independence of the State do not see the inconsistency of clinging to the worldly advantages of a State connection that negatives their claim.



**Sound Doctrine** We find in the New York "Times" the report of a sermon preached at Newport, R. I., at All Saints' Memorial Chapel, by the Rev. Braddin Hamilton, of New York, which seems to us an admirable illustration of what preaching ought to be. After speaking of the important position which Newport holds in the eyes of the people of this country, and of the influence of the example of the leaders of society who are congregated there, he applies this principle practically to certain sins common in American high life, partly due to viciousness, but partly also to forgetfulness. We extract from this sermon two paragraphs for the purpose of illustrating its spirit:

If you establish the ideal that a lavish, unnecessary, thoughtless expenditure of money is the great object of the American citizen's ambition, many a good man will go to prison through trying to furnish his wife with funds while she is trying to imitate your example. Show the people of this country that the boastful, vulgar, brainless spendthrift is not the ideal citizen of this country, but that the cultivated Christian gentleman, living comfortably on what he has come by honestly, and surrounded by every comfort or luxury he can afford—that he is the ideal citizen.

Another ideal which you should be very careful to uphold is the observance of Sunday, the Lord's day. There are many good people in our land who might be excused in a sense if they spent Sunday in recreation and amusements on account of their forced employment through the week, but the people of Newport have no such excuse. And the young men and young women who desert church on Sunday morning and go and play golf have very little respect for themselves, and far less for the community. They are casting a slur on that noble game, and are exhibiting the basest kind of ingratitude to the good Lord and Saviour who has surrounded them with so many privileges. If Sunday golf-playing is maintained here, it will be played on every links in this country before three years, and

instead of that game being regarded as the noble, royal pleasure that it is, it will become a public nuisance, a menace to the pride of our land—our American Sunday. Now Newport has the power to say whether or not these things shall be. See to it how you deal with this responsibility.

The difficulty with a good deal of preaching is that it is adapted to one congregation and addressed to another. A Puritan minister will preach against Sunday golf-playing to a congregation which never plays golf on Sunday, and a rural preacher addressing an agricultural congregation of moderate means will inveigh against the spirit of American extravagance. We have in this sermon by Dr. Hamilton a fine illustration of the reverse method—pursued by a preacher who is addressing men and women of wealth and counseling them against that display which is at once one of the greatest weaknesses and one of the greatest vices of America, and a congregation made up of the so-called best society, with whom Sunday golf-playing is becoming a fashion, inexcusable because needless. We do not quote these paragraphs because we recommend all preachers to take these themes and repeat these doctrines, but because we wish that all preachers would catch the spirit of this preacher in the practical direction of their sermons to the immediate needs and the evident sins of their own congregations.



**The First Native  
Protestant  
Filipino Clergyman**

The first Protestant Filipino clergyman is Nicolas Zamora, of Manila. He was recently ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Thoburn. The Rev. Mr. Zamora is a son of Paulino Zamora, who, sixteen years ago, procured from a ship-captain a copy of a Spanish Bible. When it was known that Paulino possessed this Bible, he was arrested through the instigation of the priests and, without a trial, was sentenced to banishment on an island in the Mediterranean Sea. He did not return until after Manila was taken by the Americans. His son Nicolas, a graduate of the Roman Catholic College at Manila, had also studied the Bible and through constant correspondence with his father had imbibed Protestant principles. He decided to become a clergyman in the Methodist Church, and has proved

to be a speaker of no mean order. These facts are confirmed by the Rev. Francis Wesley Warne, D.D., who was recently made Missionary Bishop to India. When the two Bishops, Thoburn and Warne, reached Manila they found Nicolas Zamora holding services in seven different places, with an average weekly attendance of about six hundred. Now that he is a deacon his influence among the Filipino people will be all the greater, as the natives are, like all peoples in that part of the world, impressed by any rank—social, political, or ecclesiastical. The Methodist Mission in the Philippines is prosecuting its labors with great energy, holding services in three languages—English, Filipino, and Chinese.



**The Black Mass** To old-fashioned Low Church people in England, and to Anglicans of the stamp of Maurice and Kingsley, the ritualistic practices which have crept into the Establishment must seem strangely out of keeping with simple Protestant worship. One can understand a purely ornate Protestant service in the Church of England, but the ordinary observer hardly comprehends what seems to be but a deplorable caricature of Roman Catholic ritual. Yet the Bishops of the Establishment, and the Bishop of London in particular, do not seem to be very greatly moved by the constant evidences of ultra-ritualism. The "Black Masses," or funeral masses, celebrated at the Anglican Church of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, London, might, we should think, somewhat try the mettle even of the Bishop of the Metropolitan Diocese, who is always well balanced mentally but inclined to ritualism æsthetically. According to the London "Christian Commonwealth," a recent mass for the repose of the soul of a deceased brother was celebrated with all the accessories of Vatican mummery. Each of the congregation received a little candle, which was lighted before the Gospel was read, and blown out after the reading; the candles were rekindled at the Sanctus, after incense-burning. "After mass, the celebrant left the chair, and at the sedilia changed his chasuble for a black cope with yellow orphreys, and then headed a procession with a crucifix; the catafalque was sprinkled with holy water, and censed,

while petitions were mumbled for the soul of the deceased."



## The Ramapo Issue

Mr. Bird S. Coler is credited with saying that, in his judgment, the issue presented by the existence of the Ramapo Water Company and its claims to monopolize the water supply of the State of New York is the paramount issue in local politics in that State. The Outlook agrees with him. There is always danger in a Federal election that local issues will be obscured, ignored, forgotten; and in the present campaign this danger in New York State is a great one.

We confess ourselves surprised at the apathy on this subject which prevails throughout the State. We are surprised that the local press has had so little to say about it, and that the people at large know so little respecting it. It is probably the general impression in the State that it concerns only the new city of New York. This impression is a seriously mistaken one. Under its existing charter the Ramapo Company has a right to go into any county of the State and take possession of the unused water supply of that county. Every county from New York to Buffalo and from the Pennsylvania border to the St. Lawrence River owns its water supply, unless it is already utilized in existing water-works, at the sufferance of this Ramapo Company. No town or village anywhere can establish or maintain a water-works system for itself if the Ramapo Company desires to lay hold of the water supply for its own uses. We cannot recall in American history a more monstrous use of political power than that exhibited in the act of the Legislature which transferred to a private corporation the unused water of a great State.

Nor is it only water supply for purposes of so-called water-works which is thus transferred to the Ramapo Company. Water is a great motive-power. The indications are that it will be a greater power in the future than in the past, because it will be the motive-power by which electricity will be generated. This water-power is also practically transferred to the control of the Ramapo Water Company. We have heard of the man who desired

the earth; the Ramapo Company, with equal greed, demands what is quite as essential to human life, the fresh water of a great Empire State.

If, in the Federal election, this Ramapo issue is forgotten, passed over, ignored, if a machine Democrat or a machine Republican is put into power, the alliance between the two machines which gave rise to the Ramapo Company will be cemented, and the grant by that alliance of a part of the wealth of the State to a private corporation will be confirmed. If Governor Roosevelt had been renominated and re-elected Governor, it is certain that he would have initiated measures to secure the restoration to the State of its water. If they had not been carried by the Legislature, it would not have been for the want of his influence. If Mr. Bird S. Coler should be nominated by the Democratic party, it would be on his express pledge to exert his influence in a similar manner to recover to the State the wealth of water which has been alienated from it. But no election of any Governor can alone determine this result. In every primary the members of both parties ought to ask the candidates their opinion respecting the Ramapo water steal. In every election district they should put as the paramount issue the problem presented by the Ramapo charter. In no election district should they give their vote for a State Assemblyman or a State Senator who is not pledged, either by his expressed word or by his well-known character, to do what can be done to right this great wrong.



## Mr. Bryan's Acceptance

Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance, some salient paragraphs of which are republished in another column, is notable for what it admits no less than for what it emphasizes. The question of the free coinage of silver is put completely in the background, and the question of income tax is ignored. The speech is admirably phrased and persuasive in tone. It reveals Mr. Bryan's skill in statement and his courage in opinion. It puts the question of so-called imperialism clearly at the front, and makes it, so far at least as this speech is concerned, the

only issue of the campaign. Mr. Bryan defends his action in urging the ratification of the treaty with Spain on the ground that he would rather trust the American people to give independence to the Philippines than to trust to the accomplishment of that purpose by diplomacy with an unfriendly nation; he affirms that the paralyzing influence of imperialism has been evidenced by the lack of sympathy towards the Boers in their struggle for independence, entirely ignoring the real character of the questions at issue between the contending powers, and the fact, accepted by a great number of Americans, that the Boer Republic does not represent in any sense government of the people, by the people, for the people, as that government is understood in this country; he declares that a standing army is not only a pecuniary burden, but a menace to a republican form of government; that the Filipinos ought to be treated as the Cubans have been treated; that their capacity for self-government is not a matter which can be taken into account; that Christianity cannot be extended by force—a self-evident proposition, which, so far as we know, has never been disputed; and he proposes as a definite policy to be immediately presented, if he is elected, at a special session of Congress, the establishment “of a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands; . . . to give independence to the Filipinos; . . . to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny.”

In other words, Mr. Bryan proposes that this country, in its dealings with the Philippines, shall divorce responsibility from authority. He proposes to establish a stable form of government in the islands, and to protect it from all outside interference, leaving it free at the same time to take its own course in regard to its own people and to foreign governments. It is to have a free hand to do what it chooses, and the United States is to be responsible for its acts. Under this policy an insurrection against such a government might take the same course which the Boxers have taken in China; it might imprison or murder foreign representatives, and then leave the United States Government to defend the Filipino action and to protect the Filipinos from the just punishment of Europe. The

Outlook has many times pointed out the impossibility of divorcing authority from responsibility; of protecting a government which is free to do justice or injustice as it chooses, to oppress its own citizens, to violate treaties, to destroy the property of the citizens of other countries. The United States did not voluntarily take up the duty of keeping order in the Philippines and of protecting the rights of its people and of the people of other countries in the islands; that duty was thrust upon it. It cannot withdraw until that duty has been performed. It is a duty which must be discharged, and it can be discharged only by restoring order, opening courts, establishing schools, and protecting men of all countries in their vocations and their property; in other words, in doing precisely what the United States has been trying to do and has largely succeeded in doing. Responsibility and authority, or responsibility divorced from authority, are the two policies now before the American people. Mr. Bryan has put the issue so distinctly that it cannot be misunderstood. He has made it the decisive question of the campaign; all other questions are subsidiary to it; it is the question which the American people must decide next November.

The state of affairs in Cuba affords no parallel to the state of affairs in the Philippines. Cuba lies so near us that we can preserve order either by interference with force in the last resort or by interference by influence. The Spanish Republics, to which Mr. Bryan turns for illustration, afford no parallel, because we have not established the governments which control them; nor have we made ourselves responsible for them by agreeing to protect them in all cases; we have simply declared that any attempt to interfere with their independence by a European Power would be regarded by us as an unfriendly act. For three hundred years the only government in the Philippines has been that of Spain, and that government has reached and controlled only the cities and the immediate outlying districts. If the United States had been content with the kind of order which satisfied Spain and the degree of protection of life and property with which Spain was content, the war in the islands would have ended months ago. For months past the

United States has governed a larger part of the inhabitants of the Philippines than Spain ever governed, and it is still carrying on a desultory struggle against wandering bands of irresponsible Filipinos only because the partial order with which Spain was satisfied is intolerable to us. Our Government cannot stop until it has established order and made life and property secure throughout the entire territory for which it is responsible.

Many predictions made by Mr. Bryan four years ago have recently been republished. They have curiously and comprehensively failed of fulfillment. None of the direful things which Mr. Bryan foresaw has happened; on the other hand, many of the alleviations of industrial and social conditions of which he declared himself in pursuit have already been realized. That he was honest in those predictions we do not question; that he sincerely believed in the advent of the calamities which he foretold we do not doubt; but the country needs as leaders men who have a clear sense of facts and a strong feeling for realities. It is the lack of these qualities in Mr. Bryan which makes him a dangerous leader in public affairs, which prevented his election four years ago, and which is conspicuous in his speech of acceptance.



## Cyrus Hamlin

The death of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, at Portland, Maine, in the ninetieth year of his age, brings to its close a life the range and variety of whose usefulness has rarely been exceeded. And yet, so rapidly does life move, and so quickly do oncoming events erase from the public mind those that have passed, that to many readers Cyrus Hamlin will be an almost unknown name. He was born in 1811, was graduated in 1834, entered the ministry in 1837, went abroad at once as a missionary to Turkey, was the founder and first President of Robert College at Constantinople, rendered invaluable service to the British troops in connection with the hospital and commissary departments during the Crimean war in 1854-56, returned to America at an age when most men would have retired from active life, was for a brief period a professor of theology at Bangor

Theological Seminary, then for five years was President of Middlebury College, Vermont, and since retiring from that position in 1885 had written, traveled, and lectured throughout the New England States in behalf of the cause so dear to his heart, that of Christian missions. His death came speedily, from heart failure, while, with characteristic enterprise, he was attending the Maine State celebration in Portland last week.

The caricature of the Christian missionary presented in the comic papers, and sometimes in form scarcely less grotesque in pen-and-ink portraits in the daily press, bears about the same relation to the real personage that the "Uncle Sam" of caricature, with his hatchet face, his straggling beard, and his striped pantaloons, does to the cultured American of to-day. There have been some weak and ineffective men in the missionary service, as there have been in law, in medicine, in journalism, and in military and mercantile careers. But probably the proportion of such failures in the missionary field is less than in any other department of human activity. The struggle is greater, success is more difficult of achievement, the aids are fewer, the individual is thrown more upon his own resources, the appeals to ambition are less, the immediate rewards are insignificant; the consequence is that this service develops the best that is in men, and generally sifts out and either returns home or relegates to subordinate positions those of inferior character. Dr. Hamlin was certainly more than an average missionary, but he was far more representative of his class than are the distorted portraits of the secular satirists.

The story of his life, as he has told it in his autobiography—"The Life and Times of Cyrus Hamlin"—ranks among the most dramatic and entertaining of autobiographical narratives; yet the stories of adventure with which this book abounds lose much of their interest in being interpreted by the pen; no one could know the spirit of the man who never heard him tell some of these stories; the audience that elicited the best telling was one of boys and girls; the best audience-room was a family sitting-room, illuminated by the flickering light of a wood fire. To see this naïve narrator of his own unconscious heroism giving his remi-

niscences to such an audience was a scene not easily to be forgotten. We shall not attempt here either to repeat the story of his life in outline or to illustrate it by incidents; neither is possible; we must refer our readers to the book itself.

Genius is, first of all, *life*; the channel which life cuts for itself, or finds for itself, or has cut or found for it, depends on education and circumstances. The great merchant might have been a great soldier, the great preacher might have been a great statesman; Chatham might have been a Chalmers, Lincoln might have made a Lowell. Dr. Hamlin was the unofficial representative of American interests in Constantinople at a time when America did not dream of being a world-power. His skill in dealing with the Porte, despite the religious prejudices of the Mohammedan against the "Christian dogs," showed qualities which would have given their possessor a front rank among the diplomatists of Europe had he been born into diplomatic ranks. In the Crimean war his executive ability in fighting the cholera among the British soldiery, and in supplementing their wretchedly inadequate commissariat by his own efforts, proved him the possessor of executive abilities which would have made him a great Secretary or Minister had his life been directed into political channels. His mechanical genius, displayed even in college, and serving him in good stead in introducing material civilization into the Ottoman Empire, indicated qualities which might have made him a great engineer, if not a great inventor. His creation and administration of Robert College, and his subsequent work at Middlebury College at an age when most men are retiring from active labor, are sufficient to enroll his name among the educational pioneers of his age; no one man has done more, relatively, for education in Great Britain or the United States than Dr. Hamlin did for education in the Turkish Empire, by setting a pace which Mohammedan schools have been compelled to follow. He was too busy doing things to cultivate the graces of either an oratorical or a literary style; but he was fascinating both as a speaker and as a writer, and if the platform and the pen had been his chosen instruments for exerting his influence on the world, it is not doubtful

that he could and would have taken a front rank as author and orator.

In theology Dr. Hamlin was a liberal in his youth; but while he was dealing in a foreign land with the problems of life, his contemporaries, who were dealing with the problems of thought, passed him on the road, and he became a conservative in theology without changing his convictions. His position changed, but not his opinions. But this change of position, while it sometimes saddened, never embittered him; he felt the separation from old-time friends, but never ceased his friendship. His spiritual faith, in passing from that of childhood to that of old age, gained in strength without losing in simplicity; and his simple trust in God as a Friend and a Provider was only deepened by the trials to which it was subjected. Hope is thought to be an attribute of youth; experience is thought to dim if not to destroy it: rarely are men pessimists before they reach middle age. Dr. Hamlin had the fine temper of Paul, and with him could have said, "Experience worketh hope." He remained young till the last; in his life was fulfilled the promise of the ancient prophets. Isaiah's promise might be taken as the outline of Dr. Hamlin's biography: he waited upon the Lord and renewed his strength; in his youth he mounted up as on eagle's wings; in his manhood he ran and was not weary; in his old age he walked and fainted not.



## Prayer and Self-Government

The "Evening Standard," of New Bedford, Mass., compares two articles which it finds in *The Outlook*, one on "Self-Government," the other on "Prayer and Providence," and thinks it finds in the second an answer to the questions presented in the first. We are in sympathy with the "Evening Standard" in this opinion. The questions presented in the first article were summed up in one question, "What is self-government?" The answer in the second article is that furnished by the George Junior Republic. In the George Junior Republic Mr. George does not put the waifs and strays that he had gathered from New York together in an inclosure like Indians on a reservation

and leave them to manage their problems by themselves; neither does he think of controlling them by authority from without. He leaves them to exercise all that self-government of which they are capable under the general government and under the still more persuasive influence which proceeds from himself; and by this exercise of self-government under tutelage, not independent of it, they acquire the power to govern themselves. We think that the George Junior Republic furnishes on a small scale a very good illustration of the principles which should actuate, and, in a certain sense, of the methods which should be pursued by, the American Nation in dealing with its new dependencies.



## Pastoral Letters

### I.—To a Young Preacher

In a very suggestive little life of Phillips Brooks in the "Beacon Biographies," the author quotes the great preacher, perhaps the greatest preacher of the decade, as saying, "Preach positively what you believe; never preach what you do not believe, or deny what you do believe." In this sentence Phillips Brooks discloses one secret of the power in great preachers and of the weakness in those who are ineffective. The great preachers always believe something, believe firmly, positively, absolutely; believe it with all their heart, and throw their whole soul into its affirmation. The weak preachers believe nothing and are but critics of other people's beliefs; or only make-believe believe because they imagine that the belief is expected of them by their congregations or would be beneficial to their congregations if it were believed by them; or only half believe, and divide their energies between stilling their own doubts and answering those of their auditors; or have so formed the habit of perpetual questioning and never concluding that all their affirmations have an interrogation mark after them, possibly invisible to themselves, but quite visible to their hearers. Especially in such a time of intellectual unrest as the present, congregations want positive truth; they want the minister to tell them what he knows, and what he knows that he knows; they want assurance of conviction just

because they lack assurance of conviction themselves.

This the minister cannot give unless he possesses it himself. Some ministers are born with it. They have inherited their faith from their fathers and have never entertained a doubt concerning it. Their faith is dogmatic, traditional, unquestioned; but it is faith. They really believe, though that belief has not an independent foundation; it is founded on the beliefs of others.

Such preachers, if they are not polemical and intolerant, are always in request, because their assurance gives a kind of assurance to a certain class of hearers who are willing to rest on authority. There are a great many Protestants who go to church on Sunday for the same reason that John Henry Newman went into the Roman Catholic Church, for the intellectual repose which authority will give them. Traditional dogmatism in the pulpit, provided it is a real, not an assumed, dogmatism, provided it represents the preacher's real faith, not a pretense of faith, supplies a popular demand, and serves a useful, though not in my judgment the highest, purpose. But those of us who have not inherited our faith, or who, having inherited it, have been compelled by our intellectual temperament to investigate the value of the inheritance, and who cannot believe unless we can give an answer to those who ask for a reason for the hope that is in us—we also must be positive, though we must find a basis for our positiveness somewhere else than in ecclesiastical tradition. And there is great danger lest we of the liberal school, in our questioning of tradition and our criticism of church dogmas, may get ourselves either in so critical or so questioning a mood as to lose all power as preachers. We need to repeat to ourselves Phillips Brooks's advice, "Preach positively what you believe," and to this end so to direct our studies that they shall conduct us to positive beliefs.

Every young minister who comes out of the theological seminary hostile to or critical of traditional beliefs should set himself resolutely to work to settle what his beliefs are, and not drop one question and take up another until he has reached on the first a conclusion which he can write down in his note-book and on which he can stand a cross-examination by a

keen lawyer. For example: he has, we will suppose, definitely rejected the doctrine of verbal infallibility of the Scripture; he does not believe in its inerrancy; he rejects as purely hypothetical the opinion that there were no errors in the original manuscripts; he has come to the conclusion that there are not only historical and scientific errors, but philosophical errors also, in the Bible. And this is as far as he has gone. His conclusions are purely or almost purely negative. Let him put down in his note-book this question: What is my theory of the inspiration of the Bible? Then let him set himself to get an answer to that question, an answer which he can formulate and by which he can stand; an answer which he can give to any one who asks him his theory of inspiration; an answer which will enable him to reply to any one who asks whether he regards the Bible as any more divine than the Koran, and, if so, why. He has come out of the seminary with a historical knowledge of the ecclesiastical theories of the atonement; he knows the arguments for and against them all—especially the arguments against. Let him put down in his note-book the question, What is my doctrine of the atonement? And let him not take up any other theological problem, or read any other theological book, or browse in any other theological pastures, until he is able to put down his answer to that question in black and white, and so put it down that he can defend it in an ecclesiastical council in confidence against all critics.

That there is a great deal of reading to no purpose is universally admitted—reading of newspapers, magazines, stories, and the like. But purposeless reading is by no means confined to periodicals and light literature. All reading not purely recreative is purposeless, and liable to be pernicious, unless it is provocative to and accompanied by serious thinking, and thinking to a formulated result. Merely receptive reading is of very doubtful value. That it is worse than useless to eat more than one can digest all physiologists teach us; that it is worse than useless to read more than one digests I am strongly inclined to believe. There is a great deal of sneering at creeds. For myself I think the defect of our age is too little creed. A creed is the net result of thinking; and thinking that reaches no net result scarcely

deserves to be called thinking at all. The imposition of another man's creed over my mind I resent; but it is because I wish to make my own creed by my own thinking. If I am to come to no conclusions of my own by my own intellectual processes, I would better accept the conclusions which others have come to by their intellectual processes.

It is not of vital importance to determine whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, whether David wrote the majority of the Psalms, and whether there are two Isaiahs or only one. But it is of vital importance that the minister, who is a teacher of religion and whose text-book is the Bible, should have definite, clear, and positive conclusions on these subjects. If he cannot accept the traditional view of his Church, regarding it as authoritative simply because it is or once was the traditional view; if, that is, he is temperamentally, not merely formally and ecclesiastically, a Protestant, then he must reach his conclusions in some other way. But his congregation have a right to demand of him some conclusion. He cannot teach medicine who cannot make up his mind whether he is a homœopathist or an allopathist; nor constitutional law if he cannot determine whether the Constitution gives power to coerce a seceding State; nor even Latin without determining whether he will use the English, the European, or the Roman pronunciation. And he cannot teach religion if he never gets any further in his Bible study than to criticise the conclusions of others without forming any of his own. If he can do nothing but adopt the agnostic's position, let him frankly accept it; let him hold and teach that no one knows who wrote the Pentateuch, the Psalms, or Isaiah, and no one need to care. That is at least positive, and if he will adjust his spiritual teaching to it, his congregation will get intellectual rest even in this positive negation.

Preach positively what you believe. That you may preach positively what you believe, make all your serious reading and all your study converge on positive conclusions. And be shy of any except purely recreative reading which is not straightway followed by some conclusions which you formulate into a dogma—that is, a “settled principle.”

L. A.

## Personal Deflection

A little collection of aphorisms, recently printed but not published, contains, among other pieces of practical wisdom and spiritual insight, this bit of advice: “Protect your compass from personal deflection.” The protection of the compass so as to preserve the navigator from the consequences of deflection is a matter of prime importance. So much study has been devoted to this end that the caring for the compass has become a matter of science. A great many people do not understand that the compass which every man carries in his own mind is in danger of constant shiftings from the pole by reason of his own temperament, habits, and personal experience. The judgment of a great many people is constantly vitiated by the fact that it is based largely, not on a broad observation of facts, but on personal feelings, and on the reactionary effects of personal experience. Half the pessimism to which men give expression in terms of general condemnation of things as they are arises from personal failure or disappointment. The man who has failed in his own enterprises is always in danger of finding the reason for his failure, not in himself, but in conditions, and in arriving at wholly false conclusions in regard to those conditions. Nothing is so difficult as to keep one's self in perfectly sane and real relations to one's work, one's fellows, and to the spiritual environment of life. There are very few whose days are not often clouded; who are not hampered in working out their ideas by defects in their own temper and by the limitations of their own minds; but no man can see clearly and judge wisely who does not know these things and take them into account. When a wise man finds himself in a mood of depression, he may not be able at the instant to throw it off, but he refuses to come to conclusions while he is under its spell, because he knows that his judgment is, for the time being, vitiated. There are a great many days when a wise man refuses to act, because he knows that his compass is deflected.

Perhaps the first element of success, in the largest sense of the word, is to be able to put ourselves out of account in reaching general conclusions and taking

final positions. Because a man is sick, it does not follow that all society is out of joint; because a man fails, it does not mean that the industrial system is wrongly organized; because a man does not attain his personal ambition, it does not mean that he is in a heartless world surrounded by those who will not recognize ability and character. When a man begins to feel a sense of personal injury, it is time for him to take account of his own state of mind, and to ask whether he is not out of true relations to his fellows by reason of his own attitude. Against the impression which the moment gives, as Emerson suggested, must be put the impression which comes from the year and the century; the detail must be viewed in the light of the completed whole. Individual disaster must be constantly looked at in relation to the general order of things; and one of the finest achievements which an honest man can make is to be able to disentangle himself from the bitterness of defeat or the anguish of sorrow, and look at the world in an impersonal and objective spirit. A good many pious and wise men of the mystical temper have sought clearness of vision by withdrawing themselves from human relationships and the entanglements of practical affairs; but the finest vision is that which a man secures when, in the midst of relationships and affairs, he is able to look at the great whole of life as if he were standing apart from it, and there were no bitter pressure from its impact on his own fortunes or his individual happiness.



## The Spectator

The French are a happy people. It does an Anglo-Saxon good to see them enjoy themselves. They are happy in their work and in their play. Happiness shines out in the fresh faces of the women, shows itself in the easy-going ways of the well-nourished men, plays on the countenances of the soft-eyed, placid children. Evidence of this comes to one everywhere, but especially on a fête-day in Paris. The Spectator was in Paris on Bastille Day. There are two great events on Bastille Day. One is the review at Longchamps. The other is the illumination of the city. The Spectator went to Longchamps by

one of the steamboats that ply on the Seine. Small boats they are, seating perhaps two hundred people. The start is from one of the upper bridges, but the boat is already well filled. Prosperous, contented-looking Frenchmen and their wives, but not very many children, are here. Perhaps they leave the young children at home on account of the crush. Just over there is a family party consisting of Monsieur, Madame, a plump, comely daughter of twenty, and her fiancé, a man of twice her age and dressed in respectable black, an employee in one of the departments, perhaps, and evidently regarded as a very desirable match for Mademoiselle. As the boat makes new landings the crowd increases. A tall, handsome woman looks hesitatingly at the seat opposite. Monsieur makes room for her, and they enter brightly into conversation. Every one is talking, making happy sallies and giving the quips courteous which only a Frenchman can understand, but of which every one apparently has an inexhaustible store. We pass under the Alexandre Bridge, the Alma, one with a large N on each of the piers (a reminiscence of the Third Napoleon), and finally reach our destination, without the slightest untoward event during the hour's ride. We feel that we have been traveling with a company of ladies and gentlemen—a company made up from the miscellaneous pot-pourri of Paris's population.



The newspapers say that three hundred thousand people were gathered about the reviewing grounds at Longchamps. At any rate, there was a vast multitude; and there was seemingly no disorder whatever. American crowds are said to be good-natured; but no more so than this Parisian one; and that on a day when the heat was intense, and when the fans and iced drinks that temper the sun's rays to the American were not to be had. The Spectator heard no disputes or loud words anywhere on the field or in the stands. Plenty of lively talk there was; some evidence of political feeling; shouts of "Vive l'armée!" to the accompaniment of footbeats after the fashion first made familiar to Americans in the Blaine—Blaine—James—G.—Blaine campaign. There was considerable applause for

favorite military leaders and regiments as they marched past; more, apparently, than for the civilian President. But then the review was for the army's glorification; to it the applause was due.

And a fine parade it was—so it seemed to the non-military Spectator. Not a man dropped out of the ranks during the half-hour while the forty thousand troops were assembling on the great field, though one expected every minute to see the brass-helmeted dragoons faint under the burning sun. The regiments of infantry marched past in a businesslike way, without music in most cases, and though their alignment was not perfect, they seemed ready for work. The cavalry rode by at a gallop, regiment after regiment, without break or interruption; and when, as the finale of the programme, they united in a grand charge toward the reviewing stand, thousands of men and horses careering on at full gallop, with waving banners and lances set, arms glittering in the sun, the whole field aglow with the colors and varied uniforms of the different regiments, and came to a sudden halt in front of the President and the reviewing officials, the peace-loving Spectator was forced to join in the general acclaim at the thrilling sight.

And the illuminations in the evening! The pen that would describe them must spout pyrotechnics. Everywhere the happy people were outdoors. Everywhere the trees were festooned with Chinese lanterns, hung in graceful lines that showed the prevalence of the art spirit even among the lowliest. In some of the back streets whither the Spectator wandered the people were taking their suppers outdoors. Tables were spread in the middle of the streets; lamps with brightly colored paper shades lit up the humble repast; neighborly feeling seemed of the best. In other streets the cafés had overflowed the sidewalks which are their usual limits, and taken to the roadway. Wherever the Spectator went he saw people eating and drinking, laughing and talking, but he saw no drunkenness or boisterous conduct. That magnificent avenue the Champs Elysées was a starry tail to a comet of flame, the Place de la Concorde, whose only spot of gloom was the veiled statue

of the lost province of Alsace-Lorraine, and this was covered with flowers and wreaths sent by Alsatian societies. And everywhere the people's joy showed itself in dancing. In one of the innumerable small squares or stars from which radiate the streets of Paris, the Spectator saw, stretched over the band-stand, these words, indicating the union of two arrondissements in the festivities:

Bal de la Place des Terne. 14 JUILLET, 1900.

Réunion des Comités du VIII<sup>me</sup>,

M. Chassaing, et XVII<sup>me</sup>, M. Jousselin.

Further on an old soldier was playing an accordion from an improvised stand against a tree-trunk, and across the street another wayside instrumentalist was wheezing out rhythms that served to guide the feet of the easily satisfied dancers. All Paris, from the great open square where once stood the grim old Bastille to the abandoned fortification-line which marks the city's limits, seemed full of brightness, and the mirth and joy of a happy, care-free people.

Possibly there was a seamy side to all this innocent amusement; but it was not evident to the casual onlooker. Some people there are in Paris who are unhappy enough, as a glimpse into the ghastly portrait gallery and exhibition room just back of Notre Dame will prove. But everywhere one sees pleasant-faced, contented people, and very seldom the other sort. One of the pleasantest recollections of the Spectator is of a scene in the heart of old Paris, in the gardens of the Musée Cluny. Here, in the grounds which for many centuries had been devoted to ministration to the wealthy, which had been used for purposes of luxury as far back as the time of the Roman occupation, and had seen the pomp of visiting kings and of ecclesiastical potentates, were groups of playing children and their mothers and nurses, all of the very poor; not ragged and wretched, such as we too often see in our own small parks, but clean and respectable, though poorly clad. And these also were happy, just because they had a little time for rest and play in the reconsecrated gardens of the old abbés. They gazed curiously at the foreigner. And he said to himself, as he looked at them in turn, Verily, the democracy that can bring these things to pass is justified of itself.

# Lord Roberts's March to Pretoria'

## II.—At the Gates of Johannesburg

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in South Africa

**M**Y head black boy, John, since I had one explanation with him on the road, has never missed a point. If I told him to be near headquarters, there he was within a stone's throw of the sacred cordon of mess-carts and tents of the elect; and if I told him to be at a certain place, the name of which I got from the map, there he was! Such a welcome thing is the sight of one's own little caravan outspanned at eventide on the veldt, that I can think of nothing to equal it for actual soul-stirring pleasure; and if the fire is made and the pot brewing, bliss is no name for it!

On the morning of the twenty-eighth of May, I especially requested John to meet me on the far side of the drift at Klip River, eight miles from Johannesburg, at the place where we were informed headquarters were going to bivouac. Never have I seen a dustier day; and I doubt if there was ever a thirstier or hungrier man with the army than I was when I came riding across country to keep my appointment with my supper that evening.

I found the headquarters. I found a drift that I supposed to be the only one—no John! A dozen times in the failing light I thought I had sighted my own belongings among the maze of transport carts and wagons—but no, not mine. I rode at last back to the smoking ruins of the railway station that the retreating Boers had set fire to only that morning; the retreat had been a masterful one—Boer cunning and European skill. A nondescript-looking Kaffir stood near a little tin hut.

"Vere ist der drift, boy?"

"Da, Baas."

He pointed off to the left of the camp, and away from the railway line.

"How far?" My Dutch and my patience had both given out.

He answered in good English:

"'Bout three mile, Baas."

Now, a man on the veldt and away from the supply park has to be his own caterer. I had two fowls on the saddle-bow, and was balancing a large cabbage under my arm. My field-glass case contained four eggs. The glasses I had transferred to my pocket. My mind was set on coffee, and my tired horse's mind on lying down. Three miles seemed as far as Cape Town. But, following the direction, I stumbled into a road—literally stumbled, for I became somewhat entangled with the ruins of a barbed-wire fence, and dropped the cabbage into the ditch, where I let it lie.

Those were three long African miles, and several times I had half a mind to turn back and "cadge" a night's lodging from some kind-hearted acquaintance, back in the camp among the rows of sparkling fires that I was leaving behind me. But there in front were four or five little points of light, so I kicked the black mare into a shambling trot and went on down the road. A mounted man halted me. In reply to my question as to whether there was a camp ahead he answered me curtly. I was too tired to notice whether his tone conveyed disgust or admiration.

"There's some correspondents out there playin' houtpost for the army, sir."

A mile further on I crossed the right drift, and there, just where I told him to go, was my faithful John. And the pot was brewing.

It was almost dark. There were several fires burning, and I recognized the outfits of four or five other correspondents camped on the slope of the hill.

All day the wind had been blowing from the eastward. Late in the afternoon we had heard a few cannon-shots from the direction where Hutton, French, and Hamilton were supposed to be with their divisions. But now the wind changed and came strongly in from the westward. There was a dull glare in the sky above the line of black kopjes; the Witwatersrand stretched further north. Over there

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1900, the Outlook Company.

lay Johannesburg, and on the breeze came the sound of heavy firing—big guns, pom-poms, field artillery, and rifle fire—a constant patter of it. Going up with some others to the top of the little knoll, we could see shells bursting, like fireworks, up in the sky six or seven miles away.

The Eleventh Division, with which moved headquarters, had been out of communication with the forces in the west all day, but it was evident that a big fight was on back of Klipriversberg. Suddenly the firing stopped. But yet there came down to us strange sounds—the puffing of engines, and now and then the staccato shriek of a whistle.

"There are great doings in Johannesburg to-night," remarked a correspondent for one of the South African papers. "My home is not seven miles beyond that hill. Perhaps they are going to blow up the mines to-night," he added.

There had been much question whether the Boers would descend to this act of wantonness or not. It was evident from the noise and turmoil that something was going on. We went back to supper and then crawled into our blankets. We were just on the outpost lines. The picket was on the road not a hundred yards from our camp. Shortly after midnight there came the sharp challenge of a sentry. It awoke me from sleep, and I sat up and listened.

There was a sound of hoofs coming along the road. They stopped.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Riding despatches from General French."

The man halted his horse, and the sentry called the sergeant of the guard. The latter appeared out of the darkness, and questioned the man on the horse.

"Been having a fight over there?"

"Yes. Fighting all day. The Boers kept us back until late at night."

"Did we get many of them?"

"Don't know. We lost a few. Think we'll go into town to-morrow. Seems quite a place." The sergeant wished him good-night, and the man rode on.

Early the next morning we were up, and, telling the carts to follow when the transport arrived, we went on with the advance.

Now, there is a certain excitement about this part of campaigning, probably arising from the sense of uncertainty or danger.

Who knows whether yonder kopjes, or this stone wall on the left, may contain some sniping Boers or not? That clump of bushes yonder would be a fine place for them to hide their horses. But straight at the stone wall and over the kopjes and down into the bushes rode the scouts. We came across some Boer intrenchments—as I said before, they build good forts. All was as quiet as a Sunday.

The advance guard of perhaps two thousand mounted men and two batteries of artillery were going ahead at a gallop. They were a mixed lot—of Australians, Tasmanians, volunteers from India, and the regular Mounted Foot. They stretched out over the veldt for perhaps a mile. Ahead were the scouts, and outside of the line, on either hand, were the flankers—little moving dots, ranging like bird-dogs. The artillery was banging and clattering along the road at the center of the column.

We crossed a little hollow and galloped up a slight incline. From the top we looked down into a valley that reminded me of the mining region of Pennsylvania. There were shafts and débris-heaps here and there, and far beyond, through a cleft in the hills, rose scores of tall chimneys. There lay Johannesburg.

By the side of the road was a Jew peddler's cart; its owner stood by leaning against the wheel, and a handsome greyhound was fawning upon him. The man was evidently dejected; as he patted the dog's head he told us that the Boers had taken his horse and robbed his store, a little tin building a stone's-throw distance, the night before. He had still a few things left in the cart, however.

The line had halted and a few men gathered about.

"What will you take for this 'ere?" asked a Tommy, holding up a tin of condensed milk.

"Hellup yourselves," replied the Jew. "You can have all there is left, and velcum."

The men took him at his word. In a few minutes the cart was empty. Continually he had been offered payment, but he refused to take any, and stood there looking on and patting the dog's head; even his spirit for trade was gone.

And thus we left him, when the line went forward again.

A correspondent who joined me told

me that the Rand man who represented the colonial paper had left the night before to try to enter the city. Two other correspondents, Donohue, of the "Chronicle," and Maxwell, of the "Standard," had also started before daylight on the same rather precarious adventure. And of this more hereafter.

A ripple of rifle-firing now broke out from the apparently unoccupied buildings a mile ahead. The scouts could be seen riding hither and thither, and a man came back saying that a few Boers held the slope near the railway.

Suddenly a train puffed into sight from the hollow and wound about the grade where the line turned northward to Pretoria. It was a long, heavy train, with two engines pulling and one pushing from behind.

Before I knew it—"Forward, trot, gallop!"—the artillery followed the mounted men who had dashed down the slope.

They disdained the invisible fire of the barking rifles; the drivers lashed at their horses in an endeavor to get the guns up the steep road on a run to the hill that commanded the railway. They were after that pushing, toiling train. The right-hand squadron were driving the Boers out of some kraals and stone houses above the mine shafts, and one or two riderless horses were galloping here and there.

But the Boers were not in force. On went the sweeping line. The top of the hill was gained, and just as the guns appeared in sight a Boer forty-pounder opened on them from the left. A pompom followed, scattering its little trail of bursting shells among the horses' feet.

But no one, that I could see, was hurt, and on the line went, clattering over the rocky kopjes where the sharp pointed stones lay strewn thick amid the grass.

They turned away from Johannesburg and followed the line that the train was taking—straight north for Pretoria. The grade was not so steep now, and the engines gained.

The battery unlimbered, fired a few shots, and then went on again. The Boer gun had now been joined by another from somewhere off to the westward, and the pompom followed the galloping line with shells. They began signaling from the hills. They are not behind the times.

A squadron had been detached and

headed boldly off across the railway in the direction of those guns. They reached the further side of the embankment and dismounted.

The handful of men ran forward some hundred yards and lay down. They disappeared, the colors of their uniforms blending with the dull yellow grass.

The men with the led horses walked them up the track, and the pompom turned its attention to them. Why the horses were kept where they were, except to "draw fire," I cannot tell.

There would sound the thudding of the machine gun, and a half-score of little one-pounder shells would come screeching and bursting in a line all about them.

But the men with the led horses did not care; the hungry beasts nibbled at the grass and did not even turn their heads.

I was leading my old mare down the deep ditch on the safe side of the track, and the deeper the ditch the happier I felt.

All at once some one called my name, and, looking up, there was Scott, of the Manchester——. Scott never rides, he walks. And as he got a bullet in his leg at Dreifontein, he walked with a slight hobble and a stick. Every one likes to have him around, except on a battlefield. He "draws fire" so. He does not do this from any desire to put other people in an uncomfortable position, nor does he do it to advertise his bravery. He does it, so far as his friends can fathom, from the pure, unadulterated joy of being shot at.

Upon this occasion, there he stood, twirling his stick and asking cheerfully, "Which direction has the artillery taken?"

I suggested that it would be perhaps wiser to come into the ditch and talk things over. He didn't see why, and would have been willing to discuss the subject. Just then a shell struck the embankment. Any one would have supposed that this would have helped my side of the argument, but Scott didn't see it that way. In fact, he let it pass unobserved, and asked again for the artillery. I pointed.

Then, with a cheerful "au revoir," he went on up the railway track, and the gentlemen with the Vickers-Maxim on the hill honored him with a full discharge all to himself. When Scott did not turn up that night, we imagined things, but our

fears turned out to be groundless. He is still aching for the firing-line.

On a hill not far away from the track sat the foreign attachés. After a while I went over to them.

The little Jap was making copious notes. The Frenchman appeared to be writing a history also. The rest were sitting together smoking Assiz Bey's cigarettes.

The infantry had not come in sight, but back in the hollow we had crossed were some dismounted men and some carts. Even at the great distance I recognized John taking the horses down to the brook to water.

This reminded me that I had had no breakfast, so I rode back into the hollow and broached a tin of sardines and some orange marmalade.

It was here I learned that Donohue, of the "Daily Chronicle," had been captured, right in this very spot, but a few hours before, and that Maxwell had escaped by the merest chance and the aid of a good horse. In fact, Donohue had been taken north on the escaping train, and had watched the chase from the windows, as we subsequently learned. But that is his story.

We had inspanned and were ready to move on, just as the head of the infantry appeared. The General, who is a friend of mine, rode by with his staff. He shouted to me, and I went over to him.

"Look here," said he, pleasantly, "Kitchener raised thunder about having these carts in the line of march with the troops, so I advise you to get them on ahead or fall in behind."

There were several of us together, and we decided to go ahead. So we pushed up the hill and followed the tracks of the artillery wheels until we came to a road that branched off a little to the right, taking us further away from the Boer position.

Now, I think, of all the days of my life so far, this was one of the strangest and most interesting, and, whether it is amusing or boresome, I shall tell of it just as it happened.

The Boer guns had ceased firing except 'way up to the northwest, where there was a confusing rattle of machine-gun fire (Colts with the South Australians, I afterwards found out). But it was very distant. The road ran parallel to the railway over an endless succession of rolling

ridges. Some five miles away to the east we could see Gordon's cavalry division moving slowly along, followed by the transport wagons. A rise in the ground soon hid them from sight.

By this time the general object of the movement that had taken place in the early morning was plain. The Mounted Infantry, under Colonels Henry and Ross, that had ridden up the line through the enemy's cross-fire, were making for Elandsfontein to cut the line there and to get possession of the railway between Johannesburg and Pretoria. It was a more important move than was at first apparent, and had great bearings upon the subsequent happenings.

It was a beautiful day, clear and bright, with that wonderful exhilaration that only the South African climate brings.

Tame little birds hopped about the horses' feet. The ten or twelve mess-carts and wagons that had fallen in behind ours were without armed escort. The machine-gun fire had been followed by a few heavy shots and had stopped completely.

All at once a mounted man rode out of a hollow and came over to us.

"Is there a doctor here?" he inquired, and I knew from his accent that he was a Queenslander.

There was no doctor.

"My chum is over at that house," he went on; "shot through the intestines. He's pretty bad."

"When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago."

"Is the way clear?"

"Yes; they've all gone over in that direction." He waved his hand to the westward. "They killed two of our fellows over yonder. I think I'll go back and see if I can get a doctor. Don't think it'll be no use; he's 's good as gone."

"Don't let him drink any water," some one suggested.

"Lord! he's drunk more 'n a pailful."

"'Fraid that'll settle him."

"'Fraid so, too. So long."

He rode back, and one of us went on to the crest of the next hill. There were some Mounted Infantry ahead, leisurely proceeding up the road we were following. The men who sit behind the rocks were evidently not in the neighborhood.

We passed through a spot where an old

laager had been. There were beef-bones, hides, and cattle heads; the inevitable collection of empty tins and discarded clothing. Scattered about were the little yellow boxes which had contained Mauser ammunition.

We pitched down into one of the surprises that greet one in South Africa.

Sheltered in a little nook was a collection of old thatched houses, surrounded by great gum-trees, tiny vineyards, and diminutive orchards. Beyond on the hills were mounted men moving here and there. They looked like fleas crawling about on a stretch of gray-green cloth. One could tell from the way they rode that they were English. The Mounted Infantry clattered through the little hamlet, and one or two swung off into a farmyard.

It was most amusing. By instinct these fellows seemed to know where a hen would build a nest. One came out almost instantly with some eggs in his helmet.

We turned down a green-shrouded little alley, and stopped at a fine old Dutch farm-house. There was a very fat and ugly old woman sitting on the stoep. Next to her sat her daughter, a smaller edition of herself, except for the fact that she wore large brass-rimmed spectacles.

Now, if I had not taken part in the conversation that I am about to record I would not have believed it, and if I did not have witnesses I would hardly dare to set it down.

The old woman glared at us and said nothing. She grunted in response to our "good-morning." So, by way of breaking the ice, we asked for water.

The mother looked at the daughter and the daughter looked back. Then the elder lady mumbled something, and the girl went into the house.

"Have you any forage to sell, Madame?" asked my companion, and then he repeated the question in Dutch.

"We have none," replied the old woman, in fair English.

"Oh, yes, you have; there's plenty of it in there." My friend pointed to a near-by shed. It was absolutely bursting with manna and oatstraw.

"Then take it."

"No. We wish to pay you for it," we replied.

"Humph! You'd better take it."

Just then the girl appeared with two

glasses of water. She handed them over the fence, and gave them to us as if they were hot and burned her fingers.

The conversation stopped here for a minute.

"Where is your man?" I asked, pleasantly.

"He has gone to the front—or the back," said the old lady, grimly.

Things looked better; I perceived she possessed a sense of humor.

"Why didn't he stay and stop fighting?"

"He is fighting for *us*," put in the girl, her big bulging eyes winking viciously behind the great window-panes of glasses. "You will take our property and give it to the Kaffirs."

There was no use in following up that line of conversation, although my friend suggested that they appeared to be in no danger. But I wished, if possible, to get some opinion from them as to the present condition.

"You didn't expect to see the English here so soon," I suggested.

"But you're not in Pretoria yet," said the girl.

"You'll meet with reverses in those hills," added the old woman.

In order to be agreeable we did not deny the possibility.

Two or three other women had come from the neighboring houses, and my friend, the Africander-Colonial, was soon in an argument, and it was in the course of this that I heard the statement which so astonished me. There was an evident undercurrent of defiant hatred in their very attitude. But such ignorance was almost past believing. I remember having met with something of the same kind in Cronje's laager. It was hard to take it seriously.

"Will they burn our houses?" asked one of them.

We asked, "Why?"

"We were told the English did so," was the reply.

"Not unless you fire upon the soldiers from the windows," said my friend. "Who told you that?"

"We read it in the papers," said one of the women.

"Our commandant told us so," said another.

"Do you believe everything that's in the papers, or all you're told?"

"We don't believe everything now," said the girl with the spectacles. "But we know what we think. The millionaires want our country—they have hired Chamberlain to get it for them."

"Why," said the fat lady, "we were told that the English soldiers would dig up the graves. What were we to do but believe it? We heard nothing from the other side. Are the children safe?"

As I said before, there was no use in endeavoring to convince them. The great reconstructing act that the British Government has before it is to convince these people by actual proof that they have been misled in more ways than one.

We loaded our carts with forage. My friends insisted upon paying, and we drove away.

"Were they in earnest?" I asked.

"Beats me," was the reply.

Out of the sleepy hollow a broad, rain-washed road led up over the hill. When we reached the top we looked down into Elandsfontein, the eastern suburb of Johannesburg. The ridge was lined with mine shafts and towering structures of wood and iron. Mountains of greenish-gray tailings told of the depth of the excavations. The railroad coming up from the south took a wider sweep to the westward. In the dip of the valley was a Kaffir location. Like the settlements on the outskirts of Southern towns, it was stamped with the mark of negro habitation—pigs, chickens, and nondescript curs, lines of washing, and the fence made of anything from tin-roofing to barrel-staves. There was no way of telling whether the place was occupied by the English or not. It looked very ordinary, ugly, and peaceful. From the chimney of the Rose Deep Mine a thin tower of smoke stood straight up in the sky. The Mounted Infantry, who had joined with Gordon's Brigade, were above Boksburg, which lay at the end of the hills, some eight miles northeast.

We halted there and waited for the infantry to put in appearance. They seemed ages coming, and some grew impatient. A few men on horses, not more than thirty, appeared from somewhere and stopped near the Kaffir cabins. Four or five Prince Alfred's Guards went past us and rode boldly down into the saucerlike valley.

"There are no Boers there," some one ventured. "Let us go on."

Three or four of us went forward at a walk. We had gone, perhaps, half a mile down the hill, when we saw the mounted infantry dash away from the houses towards a long, low building five or six hundred yards above the location. At the same time two trailing clouds of steam could be seen moving along above the trees and roofs of the houses, and we knew the railway was over there. No one thought anything of it, and, falling into a trot, we went ahead.

We were in among the shanties in a few minutes. The Kaffir women, leaning over the rickety fences, greeted us joyously, clapping their hands. Strange to say, they raised the same cry that had met the ears of Sherman's troops in the War of the Rebellion:

"We are slaves no longer! we are slaves no longer!"

All at once we came upon a mounted infantryman engaged in shifting his saddle from the back of a dead-beat Argentine to the back of a fresh, wiry Boer pony. A Kaffir boy was helping him.

"There are three trains over there trying to escape," he said. "My horse can't go, so I've picked up this one. I'm sent back for reinforcements."

It looked like fun, so we galloped on. One of our number turned back to warn the carts that were following to halt.

In the middle of a little common beyond the location we pulled up short. There had come the "thrup!" of a Lee-Metford, over on the right. "Thrup, thrup, thrup!" followed more of them. "Ca-pow, ca-pow!" There went the Mausers with their unmistakable double reports. "Whee-e-e!" one of the crazy musical notes skippered overhead.

Somehow we scattered. In the confusion I rode across the common, and found myself among the houses. A glance over my right shoulder had shown me some men working on the railway track, piling up stones and iron sleepers. Some horses were tied close to the long, low building that I now saw was a freight-shed. The clatter had redoubled; it sounded like a lot of firecrackers in a barrel.

Two trains were drilling up and down the railway line; the steam jets betrayed their whereabouts. One was on a siding, and the other on the main track, as afterward appeared. The engineers seemed

undecided whether to go ahead or go back. They shuttled to and fro, puffing and whistling. Once one of them started forward with a rush, as if fully intending to break through the barricade and make a dash for it.

Then the engine-driver must have changed his mind, for he checked the train with a thump that resounded down the buffers.

In the meantime the armed Boers that were on board the longer train had left and were scattering in all directions, firing at the handful of men at the freight-sheds, some running into the town, and the great body, about three hundred, making for the débris-heap of the nearest mine, opposite the railway station.

Women ran out from the houses with children in their arms. The streets seemed full of them. Some were terrified, others appeared at a loss to grasp what the whole thing meant.

Some more mounted men arrived, from where I could not tell. No one appeared to direct them, and they dashed here and there through the streets, and disappeared.

The trains had come to a standstill and the firing was not quite so continuous, but the excitement did not abate. A soldier on a bicycle, with his front tire punctured and flat, rode up and asked where the troops were. He also had been sent for reinforcements. Two mounted men on staggering, done-to-death ponies suddenly appeared. They were quarreling good-humoredly over the ownership of a fat little cob each claimed to have picked up in the street.

In a yard near by two Tommies were endeavoring to corner three or four squawking hens. Another appeared with a loaf of bread under his arm.

The women refused to go into the houses, and wandered about aimlessly.

"Are they going to skoot mit die kanonnen?" one asked.

Every one seemed to disdain the constant firing.

In fact, so interesting and amusing were the goings-on close to hand that I quite forgot it myself. It seemed but a running accompaniment—an obligato, as it were, to the principal theme.

I rode down the street, and at a corner met five men; four of them had rifles and bandoliers. I don't remember whether I

was frightened or not, but I was quite willing to surrender, if necessary. One of them, approaching, hailed me in good English.

"Where is an officer?" he asked. "We wish to give up our arms. We are Free Staters—we don't want to fight any more."

He had on a derby hat, a clean white collar, and a black satin tie—he looked like a clerk in a country drug-store.

They all came near. One of them patted my horse's neck while the spokesman continued talking.

They had tried to get away before, he said, but had been too closely watched.

"Will Lord Roberts let us return home?" he asked.

I said I thought so, and suggested that if they put their arms in the nearest house and stayed there I would tell an officer where he would find them.

They seemed to be reassured by the direction, and went into the house, shaking hands with the man who stood on the doorstep.

I rode back again to the main street, and there I met two correspondents, Gwynne, of Reuter's, and Campbell, of Laffan's, agency. They had experiences similar to mine.

The man with the bicycle and the deflated tire was still there. Again he asked where the troops were.

Two Rimington scouts joined us. The firing now was confined to the western part of the town and to an interchange between the débris-heap of the "Limmer and Jack" mine and the freight station. We started to ride over across the open space, but changed our minds. Gwynne rode back to hurry on the reinforcements.

In the town things were still in a state of confusion. It was as wild as a dream.

A man hailed me from a house. He was nailing up a Union Jack on the post of his piazza. One glance at him showed him to be a Hebrew. I rode my horse up to the gate.

"Will you come in and have a drink, sir?" he asked, nervously.

A big, fat Jewess with the corner of her apron in her mouth attempted to second the invitation. I declined on the score of being too busy.

"Oxgooze me. I dink dey're shuding at you," he added.

A little dust spot jumped out of the

road some fifty yards behind me. I did not stop to make sure, but got around the corner.

A glance over my shoulder had shown me some figures—men on foot—standing at the end of the street, five or six hundred yards away.

Now, looking back across the common and over the Kaffir location, a long line of spread-out infantry could be seen approaching. They took long in coming.

In the meantime a half-squadron of Mounted Infantry dashed down the track from the direction of Boksburg. They swung off their horses at the freight-sheds, and the firing from there redoubled.

A slightly wounded man, with a first-aid-to-the-injured bandage about his shoulder, came around the corner, opened the front gate of a yard, and went in and sat down on the steps of the house.

Almost next door were some soldiers who had discovered some bottled beer. Their thirst and delight were both evident. The infantry were now in the town—two companies of the Guards. The officer inquired his way to the railway station. Some one directed him. The men did not appear to care where they were going. They were hot and tired from their march.

But the firing was now dwindling to a few intermittent shots. I went down the street with the soldiers.

A Boer ambulance doctor, with a red cross on his hat and another on his arm, put in an appearance and excitedly claimed that the soldiers had fired on the ambulance train.

When we reached the station, the sight was stranger than ever. The ambulance train was halted at the platform. It consisted of eleven trucks of coal and two Red Cross coaches.

In one was a slightly wounded English officer.

In the other was a case of three thousand rounds of ammunition.

The platform was crowded with sightseers, grouped on the lee side, as it were. Some of the mounted infantry had come down from the freight station and there were a few directly behind, occasionally firing in the direction of the tailing-heap of the Limmer and Jack.

The bridge over the railway track was also crowded with spectators. The officer in charge of the detachment of infantry halted his men beside the train, and they took off their heavy helmets and mopped their faces.

The firing dwindled away to nothing, and it seemed only a few minutes before some staff officers rode up, and soon the carts and transports began to pour in.

The fighting Boers had left the mine shafts and retired to the hills of the Witwatersrand, a mile or so beyond. But the streets were full of young bearded men, standing together in groups of threes or fours. It was safe betting to assume that they could account for the scores of rifles and the ammunition that were found on every hand.

There were Mausers in the hedges, and when the correspondents commandeered the yard of the deserted Railway Hotel they found the complete armaments for eight men on one of the ground-floor rooms.

Strange to say, the owners of these very rifles came in the next morning to search for them. It was seen that they and their arms paid a visit to the Provost-Marshal.

As we sat about smoking that night it struck me that we all regarded the whole thing as a sort of a show, and I confess that my impressions were those of one who had not quite understood the story of the little drama. I have set it down just as it occurred, and the recital may be quite as confusing to the reader as the events actually were to the beholder.

But one thing is sure. It was the entering wedge to Johannesburg. A score of engines and over two hundred trucks and carriages of all kinds were the principal prize just then—and to Captain Walker, of the Mounted Infantry, and his handful of men, fall the credit of first interrupting the line and cutting Johannesburg off from the capital.

How we finally entered the city itself is a tale that can be told only in the same way—in a few somewhat confusing and disjointed incidents. But they make, in themselves, a separate story, to be related next week.

# The Occupation of Marinduque<sup>1</sup>

By Phelps Whitmarsh

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines

AFTER a man has given the romantic years of his life to the sea, has served a full apprenticeship, and has earned the title of "sailor," he never feels the heave and send of even the smallest of craft beneath him that he does not at once become confident, and at once become what we call "at home." And to the man who has forsaken his boyish ideal and taken up the more complicated life of a landsman, every whiff of salt water stirs his memory as no perfume can, revives his romance, makes him a boy again. More than all, perhaps, is the comforting knowledge that he and the sea understand each other—that they are old friends. It was with much content, therefore, that, after so much of the mountains and the plains, I found myself aboard the transport *Indiana*, leaving the sweltering Bay of Manila for a cruise to the southward. I say "cruise" because our ports were by no means definite, nor could they well be so; for, in addition to landing army supplies at various points, we carried an expeditionary force—a battalion of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, U. S. V., and, though the orders were supposed to be secret, we all knew that they were going out to take islands. What and where these islands were we did not know; but it was certain that the vessel was under Colonel Hardin's orders until the mysterious islands were in American hands. All of which was rather interesting.

At the long table in the saloon some sixty of us sat down to dinner. We were placed in the usual military fashion, according to rank. The Colonel and the ship's captain had the head of the table, and then, in turn, came the majors, the captains, the lieutenants, the "contract" doctors, the interpreter and Visayan pilot, and, lastly, the few civilians not connected with the expedition.

"Hello, Benguet!" said a voice as I was passing to my seat. It was Lieutenant Fuqua, under whose escort our party had passed through northern Benguet, and

whose blanket I had shared on not a few cold nights.

"Well, tramp! Bet you don't remember me," said the next man, holding out his hand.

"I think I do. Dr. Herrmann, isn't it? Met you in Cuba. You gave me a much-needed breakfast at Sancti Spiritus at the smallpox hospital a year or so ago."

"Yes. I have a pencil-sketch of your beautiful mule still."

A little further on I got a gentle poke in the ribs and the salutation, "Hola, amigo! Quetal?" This from the patriotic and big-hearted Dr. Xeres y Burgos, "the friars' friend," whom I had known in Manila for some time. Almost opposite Dr. Xeres, I recognized Chaplain Miller, of the Fourth Cavalry, the broadest of parsons and the best of fellows. And when, at last, I sat down, it was to find in my right-hand neighbor another friend. Thus it is in the Philippines—one gets to know everybody.

In the good old days when expeditions sallied forth to conquer islands and things, I suppose they experienced all kinds of hardships, were very uncomfortable, and all that sort of thing; but as I looked along the table, lighted and fanned by electricity, furnished with an unlimited amount of that great Philippine luxury—ice-water—and supplied from the refrigerator with American fowls and meats, vegetables and fruits, I felt that things had changed. It was very pleasant, but it upset one's notions about war. There was not even a suggestion of war. It reminded me of what I saw in Angeles when General MacArthur took me round the firing-line and I saw hot soup, beef, potatoes, and rice-pudding being served to the men from a carabao cart. Imagine it! Hot dinner served on the firing-line! I have seen a good deal of the United States army in the Philippines, and I am convinced of one thing—that it is the best fed, the best paid, and the best supplied army on earth.

The *Indiana* did not get under way

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until late that night, but the cool, delightful breeze kept most of us awake until the Cavite lights had gone out and the steady glare of Corregidor was far astern. Then, the cabins being insufferably hot, we brought up our blankets, and camped under the stars. On the port side, so close that we could hear the unseasonable crowing of cocks and barking of dogs, and could catch the subtle, earthy odor which rises with the night dew, rose the bold shore of Cavite Province. Soon all was quiet. Nothing but the regular throb of the engines and a gentle rustle over the bow gave evidence that the vessel was moving. It seemed as if she were feeling her way along the coast alone. Early next morning we dropped anchor in the Bay of Batangas, in sight of Taal Volcano, where we remained three days discharging commissary and quartermaster's supplies.

Though Batangas is the second port in Luzon, there were absolutely no facilities for loading or unloading vessels. Everything was landed on the beach in long, narrow dugouts—three armed guards and four boxes being the usual load. Batangas is called the worst town in the worst province. The people are Tagalogs, rather darker than those of the middle provinces, and decidedly less reconcilable to American rule. With Dr. Xeres I visited the leading natives of the town, and, owing to my companion, I had an opportunity of hearing a truthful expression of their views. All, even though they were under military protection, and diplomatically professed friendship, were most bitter in their denunciation of the Americans. It was patent that these people, like the majority of the inhabitants of Luzon, submitted only when there was no alternative; and that in their hearts enmity toward the white race, for it is no longer solely the American, is strong. Seven months, I believe, the town had been occupied by United States forces, and yet the greater part of the people were still in the mountains; no municipal government had been established, for no one would accept office; schools were unthought of, guerrilla warfare was rife throughout the province, and no white man was safe one hundred yards beyond the outposts. It is such things as these, such glimpses of native sentiment as this,

that make one believe that an army, aye, and no small one, will be necessary in the Philippines for a generation to come. Batangas, before the last insurrection, was a rich town, the center of the best sugar district in Luzon, and also the largest coffee-growing district. Batangas coffee is of excellent quality, only equaled by the Benguet product. At the time of my visit, however, most of the coffee plantations were ruined—partly by neglect brought on by war, but principally by the visitation of an insect which killed the trees; sugar production had been reduced by more than one-half, and the population of the town had shrunk from twenty thousand to three thousand. While we were being driven through the grass-grown side streets, we came upon a part which had been burned, and we asked our driver about it.

"No," he said, "it was not an accidental fire. The Americans had done it."

"What for?" I inquired.

"I do not know, señor," he replied.

"It is not possible that so many houses would be destroyed without good reasons."

"But it is true, señor. All they found was one soldier lying between the houses."

"An American soldier?"

"Yes, señor."

"Was he wounded?"

"No, señor, he was not wounded. He had no head."

This was by no means a joke—for the Filipino is not given to joking—but was told us in the most grave, matter-of-fact way.

The utility of that homely, snail-like, exasperating but indispensable animal, the carabao, was clearly exemplified in Batangas. The beasts were harnessed to rude bamboo rafts furnished with runners and freighted with raw sugar, and driven down the river to the sea. In the shallow parts of the stream they dragged the rafts; in the deeps they swam. Nor did they stop at the river-mouth, but continued along the shore until they reached the landing *bancas*. A carabao, with only its nose and horns out of water, towing a pile of sugar with a half-naked boy perched atop of it, who steers with a line made fast to the animal's nose-ring, is a novel and an amusing sight. By using the river-bed instead of the poor roads, the native brings all the powers of his amphibious

beast of burden into play, and saves himself a good deal of time and trouble. In such ways, in anything which will lighten his own labor, the Filipino is ingenuity itself.

While we lay in Batangas Harbor, the United States ship *Helena* and the gun-boat *Villalobos* came in and anchored near us. It soon became known that these two ships of war were to accompany us, and that the expedition's first work was to take the island of Marinduque. What opposition the insurrectionists, who had had a government of their own for nearly two years, were likely to offer no one knew. It was reported, however, that the beach near Boac, the capital, was well intrenched, and that the most determined fighters in the island were there to be found. Toward Boac, therefore, the three vessels were headed, the *Helena* being in the lead and the *Villalobos* following us.

The cloud-bank which at daybreak next morning darkened the east became land when the sun rose behind it; at seven o'clock it was a tropical island teeming with vegetation, and right ahead of us lay a strip of yellow beach with a cluster of nipa-thatched houses nestling beneath a roof of tossing cocoa-palms. By the time the anchors of the little fleet went rattling to the bottom of the bay the line of trenches was visible, and we could see many white-shirted figures scurrying about among the trees; also a solitary man on horseback. As "B" and "C" companies piled into the landing boats, there was not a little excitement, and the burning question of the hour was, "Will they fight?" Before a start was made, however, a lone native came running down to the end of the sand-spit, and, mounting an overturned *banca*, he took off his white trousers (his only garment) and waved them at us. At this the hopes of the Twenty-ninth died; for, although a man who takes off his coat may mean war, he who unbreeches himself is invariably pacific. Notwithstanding the novel flag of truce, the landing was made according to the original plan, and a very pretty landing it was, in spite of the fact that not a shot was fired. Led by Colonel Hardin, the men leaped from the boats as they neared the shore, and, deploying, they took the trenches both on the flank and in the rear. Then, with a shrill and distinctively American yell, the Stars and Stripes went

up, and the rule of the insurrectos in Marinduque was ended. It was all very pretty, but, unfortunately, as the Twenty-ninth said, very tame. It was neither as exciting as a sham battle at Aldershot, nor as interesting as a comic opera, though it was suggestive of both.

As we marched through the pretty village of Lai Lai, in the shade of a lofty palm grove, the few people who had not fled hastily threw out little white flags—shirts, handkerchiefs, chemises, flour-sacks, any rag, indeed, that was or had once been white. Except this show of fear, they made no demonstration whatever, and it was impossible to judge from their appearance what our reception would be at Boac, which lies three miles inland. Everywhere as we progressed we found model trenches and other evidences that a determined resistance had been planned; but since these model trenches were empty, and the scouts and flankers stirred up nothing more than a few grazing carabaos, it was also evident that the plans at the last moment had been abandoned.

In all parts of the Philippines it is the same. Trenches, splendid ones, guard the seacoasts, the roads, the towns, the river-crossings, and the mountain passes; the work that has been done in thus preparing for war is, for these people, enormous, and at the same time ridiculous; for if they do not leave their defenses before the enemy's approach, which is usually the case, the first American yell produces a vision of flying shirt-tails. When one sees the magnificent opportunities the Filipinos have had, and thrown away, it quite makes one out of patience with them. Bravery, even though it be wrongly applied, has ever in it something admirable, but one can have nothing but contempt for the man who is both a fool and a coward.

An hour's march along a road arched with glossy mangoes and nangkas, cocoa and betel palms, bread-fruit, cacao, coffee, pomegranate, a species of citrus laden with large green spheres, and other profitable fruit-trees, with occasional glimpses of rice-flats and hills of foliage, and sundry bursts of color from the poincianas and hibiscus, brought us to the charming little town of Boac. At first we thought it deserted, for the streets and the square were empty and every door and window closed;

but we had hardly come to this conclusion when we were hailed from an upper window in our own tongue and welcomed to the town by an Englishman—the inevitable Englishman. Inevitable, because it does seem as if he were not to be avoided. Probe into the heart of the darkest continent, land on the most desolate island, explore the least-known region, climb the highest peak or descend the ocean depths, and an Englishman rises before you and, in the most matter-of-fact way and with an unmistakable accent, bids you good-day. The Boac Englishman, being of a speculative turn, had sailed over from Luzon in an open boat with \$5,000 in silver (300 lbs.) for the purpose of buying hemp before the ports were opened. After fighting a school of sharks en route and passing thirty-six hours without food, water, or shelter, he arrived off the beach at Lai Lai and was at once made a prisoner. In this condition he had remained until our arrival, when he was placed in the house of the richest native as a protector; the natives knowing well that a house with a white man in it would neither be fired upon nor sacked. To the credit of the natives of Marinduque it must be said that, though guarded, he was allowed to carry on his business and was not robbed of a single cent.

In the rapid search that was made of the town, a few old muzzle-loading rifles and flint-locks were found, a great store of new bows and arrows, and an evil-looking Recoleta friar, who had been held prisoner for two years. As soon as they could be found, messengers were despatched to the neighboring country with assurances of good will and promises of protection to all those who would return to their houses. The next day the frightened inhabitants began to come in, and within three days, by means of a diplomatic correspondence opened up between Colonel Hardin and the representatives of the so-called Filipino Government, Martin Lardizabal, the Governor, appeared. A conference was held aboard the *Helena*, which resulted in four out of five of the island towns being peacefully surrendered. Santa Cruz, the remaining town, was taken without opposition by Major Case, who marched across the island, while the fleet sailed round to the same point.

While these things were going on, I

had an opportunity of seeing something of Marinduque. The island rises in the center of a number of tree-clad mountains, and is throughout a delightful jumble of vales and peaks of surpassing greenness and beauty. Roughly speaking, it is about twenty-five miles square. It is divided into five townships—Boac, Santa Cruz, Mogpog, Gasan, and Torrijos—and has some forty-five thousand inhabitants, all of whom are Tagalogs, though their language is slightly mixed with Visayan and Bicol. Unlike the Tagalogs of Luzon, however, the people are a peaceful, humble lot, submissive to authority, and unusually diligent. They are, moreover, lighter colored and physically superior to their tribal relatives. In many respects, indeed, Marinduque is an exceptional island. The chief product, hemp, is of a quality unequaled in the archipelago. It is known as “kilot,” and is an unusually fine, white, and strong fiber, which brings five to six dollars more per picul than ordinary hemp. Kilot is used wholly for weaving into fabrics. Primitive hand-loom can be seen in most of the houses, and the greater part of the clothes worn are made by the women from material woven by themselves. Marinduque also produces a fair quantity of rice, copra (dried coconut), and arrowroot. Though the island has never been prospected for minerals, and the natives are ignorant on the subject, it is asserted that copper, gold, and lead are to be found in the mountains. I was shown specimens of galena which proved the existence of one large vein. Hot sulphurous springs, which are panaceas for native ailments, exist in many parts, and petroleum, also, is said to be present. Caves of great size are common, not only in Marinduque, but in the adjacent islands. In the group known as the Three Kings, Gaspar is said to be undermined by one immense cavern. From the many skeletons discovered in these caves it is generally supposed that in some former age they were used as burial-places; and the gold fillings in the teeth of the skeletons, the gold ornaments made in the shape of a leaf, and various kinds of pottery also found seem to point to an ancient civilization of no mean order. At least they open up a world of speculation. The island abounds in animal and bird life—of pigeons alone there are thirty

species—and the butterflies were especially noticeable.

In the way of architecture, the most interesting thing in Marinduque is the old fortified church and convento at Boac, which occupies the summit of a small hill in the center of the town. It was built about 1690, under the direction of the friars, as a protection against the piratical Moros, who until within almost recent years looked upon these outlying islands as their lawful prey. It is less than thirty years in fact, since these sea-robbers last landed in Marinduque and looted the town of Santa Cruz. Within the massive walls of this island fort, which was intended to be both cannon and earthquake proof, the entire population of the town can be gathered. It is one of the most picturesque structures in the Philippines, thoroughly mediæval in design as well as in appearance; for the ravages of a moist, tropical climate have clothed it with a growth of parasites, mellowed and aged it far beyond its years. The church within the walls is a fine large building in excellent repair. Twice during my stay in Boac I slept on its fine hardwood floor, with the gaudy pyramid of wooden images that backed the altar in front of me, a famous black Christ to my left, and on my right, done in wax, a veritable chamber of horrors.

In spite of its well-appointed church, however, Boac had been without a priest for several months. The last incumbent, a native, had robbed the people to such an extent that they had forcibly ejected him. Not content with the usual church fees, which in such a parish must have been large, he instituted a system of fines, one, for instance, for coming into church late, and forced payment by refusing to confess, absolve, or perform any religious rite until the fines were paid. He was worse, the people said, even than the friar before him. As a punishment for this wickedness, the Archbishop of Manila had excommunicated the whole parish; and the people, overjoyed at the freedom thus given, then declared themselves in favor of an American minister. They said freely that they did not care whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant or anything else so long as he could perform the baptismal, marriage, and burial ceremonies. All whom I talked with stated that they were willing to welcome any one

but a "fraile." To this one thing, if to nothing else, the Filipino is constant—his hatred of the friars.

While riding along the sandy, palm-fringed road to Gasan one morning, I noticed several men pass with great cane pitchers hooked over their shoulders, and I asked my guide what they contained. Upon learning that it was *tuba*, the common drink of the island, I expressed a wish to try it. We pulled up, therefore, at the next house in a cocoanut grove, and I seated myself in the grateful shadow of the fanlike foliage, while one of the numerous boys of the household, with a bamboo slung over his shoulder, went aloft. Grasping the trunk of the palm with his hands and placing his feet in the notches cut in both sides of the tree, he climbed or rather walked up a perpendicular fifty-foot bole with as little exertion, apparently, as we would have in going up-stairs. Just below the great shining leaves there ran from tree-top to tree-top, and thus connected the whole group, a double row of bamboos—the lower one to walk on, the upper to serve as a handrail. By this means the little *tuba* gatherer sped from one tree to another, emptying each receiver he came to until his own measure was full. Then he came down, and, after the flies and insects had been strained out by means of a bunch of hemp, I had my first taste of *tuba*. It is not at all an unpleasant drink when fresh; something like small-beer—a little sharp and yet sweet. Though its natural color is a milky white, it becomes brown when a ferment is used with it. *Tuba* is the sap of the cocoa-palm, and is obtained by cutting off a leaf within a foot or so of the trunk and tying a bamboo receiver on the end. In Marinduque it is customary to place a small quantity of powdered *bichi* bark in the receiver, so that as the sap drips it also ferments. The end of the cut leaf requires occasional trimming, lest the pores clog and nature should heal the wound; but beyond this no care is necessary. The contented native sits *en cucullas* (on his heels) in the shade of his grove, chews his beloved *betel*, and thinks (oh! happy mortal) of nothing. Meanwhile the fruit falls to his hand, his wife works, and free beer is always on tap.

"How," I asked my host, whose name was Anastasio, "how do you live?"

He answered nothing, but pointed with his lips (a common Filipino fashion) to the trees above.

"Is it possible that you can keep a family, and I see you have a horse as well, on so small a grove as this? You cannot have more than two hundred trees."

"It is possible, señor."

"What sized family have you?"

"Nine children [he checked them off on his fingers], my wife, my wife's sister, my son's wife and baby, and a cousin—altogether fourteen."

"How much money do your trees bring you in during the year?"

"I do not know, señor, but sufficient."

"And you are contented?"

His little black eyes opened with indolent surprise; then, slowly emptying his mouth of a lake of red saliva, he inquired, "Why not?"

Yes, indeed, "why not?" His innocent question set me thinking. Two hundred cocoanut-trees gave Anastasio and his large family food, drink, raiment, and shelter. His house, save for the strip bamboo floor, which he cut from the clump across the road, was thatched and

fashioned wholly from his own palms. They gave him oil for frying and for anointing the family hair, fiber for ropes, material for *petates* and hats, husks for fuel, and *tuba* to exchange with the fisherman for fish and to drink his own and his friends' health. The sale of the green nuts and the copra furnished him with enough money to buy rice, hemp, and cotton for his wife's loom, a few luxuries, and still left him a little to gamble with. Half a dozen *betel* palms, a few *buyo* vines, and lime burned from the coral rocks of the beach gave him the materials for his indispensable chew; his salt he evaporated from sea-water; his fowls and pigs grew fat and multiplied upon food supplied by nature; his children needed no clothes; he and his wife little more. He had no fear of hunger, nor of thirst, nor of cold; no weight of cares or responsibilities; no religious doubts or, for that matter, beliefs to trouble him; no hope for "better things;" no fretting ambition, no restless energy to wear him out, not even a conscience. "Contented!" I said to myself as I mounted my pony and rode away. "Yes, indeed. Why not?"

Davas, Mindanao.

## The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

### XI.—The Book of Job (Concluded)

By Lyman Abbott

**L**AST week, in a sketch of the general character of the Book of Job, I explained its motif, as a struggle of the spirit between the popular though inadequate theology of the time and the spiritual faith of Job in a just God—a faith shaken and at times almost shattered by his experience. In this paper I seek to trace the story of this conflict—a conflict of the ages here portrayed in a single soul.

The theology of Job's three friends is entirely self-consistent; the only difficulty with it is that it is not consistent with the facts of life. This theology is put by Eliphaz in his first speech of pious counsel to Job: Bethink thee now; who that was guiltless hath perished,

And where have the upright been cut off?  
As I have seen—they that plough iniquity,  
And that sow wickedness, reap the same.  
By the breath of God they perish,  
And by the blast of his anger they are consumed.<sup>1</sup>

The practical application follows logically enough, though Eliphaz leaves Bildad to state it:

Doth God pervert judgment?  
Or doth the Almighty pervert justice?  
If thy children have sinned against him,  
And he have delivered them into the hand of  
their transgression:  
If thou wouldest seek diligently unto God,  
And make thy supplication to the Almighty;  
If thou wert pure and upright;

<sup>1</sup> Job iv., 7-9. In the translations throughout this article I have largely followed Professor Genuing in the "Epic of the Inner Life," to which the reader is referred for a careful study of this ancient Hebrew drama.

Surely now he would awake for thee,  
And make the habitation of thy righteousness  
prosperous.

And though thy beginning was small,  
Yet thy latter end should greatly increase.<sup>1</sup>

When Job indignantly resents the implication that he has been a great sinner else great suffering would not have fallen upon him, his friends are quite ready to invent facts in order to sustain their theory. He must have sinned or he would not have been punished; so Eliphaz concludes:

Is not thy wickedness great?  
Neither is there any end to thine iniquities.  
For thou hast taken pledges of thy brother for  
nought,  
And stripped the naked of their clothing.  
Thou hast not given water to the weary to  
drink,  
And thou hast withholden bread from the  
hungry.  
While the man with a strong arm—his was  
the land,  
And the respected of persons dwelt therein!  
Thou hast sent widows away empty,  
And the arms of the fatherless have been  
broken.

Therefore snares are round about thee,  
And sudden fear troubleth thee,  
Or darkness, that thou canst not see,  
And abundance of waters cover thee.<sup>2</sup>

This method is very simple and would be entirely adequate if it were true; but it is not; and it angers Job, not because it is unjust to him, but because it is false and assumes that God is one to be pleased with falsehood used in his defense. Job's splendid burst of indignation against the use of falsehood in defense of God is one of the most notable passages in the poem, and deserves to be often repeated in our own time. For in all ages, alas! even in ours also, ecclesiasticism has imagined that the cause of religion can be supported by falsehood, and that the spirit of reverence can be nurtured by denying or concealing from ourselves and others the facts of life. Job protests against all such special pleading for God:

Will ye speak lies for God,  
And talk deceitfully for him?  
Will ye show him favor?  
Will ye be special pleaders for God?<sup>3</sup>

But if the theology of the three friends is simple and consistent, Job's is not. In truth, he has no theology; he has only experience. This experience, to which, when we share it, we rarely dare to give expression, he utters with an abandon

which seems to his companions profane, and which to the modern reader would perhaps seem so were it not found in the Bible, and there somewhat softened by the Authorized Version. The experience of a soul in vain endeavoring to harmonize the apparent injustice, and even cruelty, of life, when he is suffering from it, with his faith in the justice and goodness of God, in whom he is struggling to retain his faith, is never consistent. Job recognizes and confesses his own inconsistency—"I am not myself," he cries—and this inconsistency he attributes to the right cause—the indignation born of his wretchedness, and aggravated by the self-complacent counsels of his friends:

Oh that my indignation were weighed, were  
weighed,  
And my calamity were laid in the balances  
against it!

For now it would be heavier than the sand of  
the seas:

Therefore have my words been rash.  
For the arrows of the Almighty are within me,  
Whose poison my spirit drinketh up.<sup>4</sup>

At times he resents with bitter scorn their cool assumption that he must be a sinner above all others because his afflictions are so great; at times he pleads with them with touching pathos to put themselves in his place, and to trust him, their old and well-proved friend:

Now therefore be pleased to look upon me;  
For surely I shall not lie to your face.  
Return, I pray you, let there be no injustice;  
Yea, return again, my cause is righteous.  
Is there injustice on my tongue?  
Cannot my sense discern what is wrong?<sup>2</sup>

He confesses that he is not faultless:

How shall a man be just before God?  
If one should desire to contend with him,  
He could not answer him one of a thousand.<sup>3</sup>

But he denies that he has done anything to deserve the afflictions which have fallen upon him; calls himself "the just, the upright;" and declares that innocence is vain, and virtue no protection against the Almighty and the Inscrutable One:

I know that thou wilt not hold me innocent.  
I shall be condemned;  
Why then do I labor in vain?  
If I wash myself with snow water  
And make my hands never so clean;  
Yet wilt thou plunge me in the ditch,  
And mine own clothes shall abhor me.<sup>4</sup>

But he does not concede the justice of this condemnation; he resents it; he

<sup>1</sup> Job viii., 3-7.    <sup>2</sup> Job xxii., 5-11.    <sup>3</sup> Job xiii., 7, 8.

<sup>4</sup> Job ix., 28-31.

<sup>2</sup> Job vi., 28-30.    <sup>3</sup> Job ix., 2, 3.

affirms its essential injustice; he has no fear of a Day of Judgment, and he will not pretend; on the contrary, he longs for it; and with the splendid audacity of self-conscious virtue he challenges God to make known the verdict against him, a challenge which he repeats again and again:

Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress,  
That thou shouldest despise the work of thine hands,  
And shine upon the counsel of the wicked?  
Hast thou eyes of flesh,  
Or seest thou as man seeth?  
Are thy days as the days of man,  
Or thy years as man's days,  
That thou inquirest after mine iniquity,  
And searchest after my sin,  
Although thou knowest that I am not wicked;  
And there is none that can deliver out of thine hand?<sup>1</sup>

He insists that this experience of the injustice of life is not peculiar. His friends aver that virtue is always rewarded and sin is always punished: they have described life as they think it ought to be. He describes life as it is; and if it must be conceded that his picture is much too dark, yet it is not darker than it often appears to the soul tried in the experience of an apparently unjust sorrow, as Job is tried:

Wherefore do the wicked live,  
Become old, yea, wax mighty in power?  
Their seed is established with them in their sight,  
And their offspring before their eyes.  
Their houses are safe from fear,  
Neither is the rod of God upon them.  
Their bull gendereth and faileth not;  
Their cow calveth and casteth not her calf.  
They send forth their little ones like a flock,  
And their children dance.  
They sing to the timbrel and harp,  
And rejoice at the sound of the pipe.  
They spend their days in prosperity,  
And in a moment they go down to the grave.  
Yet they said unto God, Depart from us;  
For we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.  
What is the Almighty that we should serve him?  
And what profit should we have if we pray unto him?<sup>2</sup>

To the insistence of his friends that the prosperity of the wicked is short-lived, "that his prosperity shall not endure," that

The heavens shall reveal his iniquity,  
And earth shall rise up against him,  
And the increase of him shall depart,  
Job replies scornfully:

How oft is it that the lamp of the wicked is put out?

That their destruction cometh upon them?  
That God distributeth sorrows in his anger?  
That they are as stubble before the wind  
And as chaff that the storm carrieth away?  
Ye say, God layeth up his iniquity for his children.

Let him recompense it unto the wicked himself, that he may feel it.

Let his own eyes see his destruction,  
And let himself drink of the wrath of the Almighty.<sup>1</sup>

If Job could but believe in immortality, he might derive some consolation from such a belief; not so much because it would give him a reward hereafter to compensate for the suffering here, for Job does serve God for naught, and his complainings are less against the sufferings which have fallen upon himself than against the revelation of the injustice of life which those sufferings have brought to him. But if he could believe in immortality he might believe in divine justice. He argues with himself; tries to persuade himself of immortality; seeks in nature for some analogy to furnish such a hope; but with the result which generally has attended similar endeavors—a hope of immortality founded on an analogy drawn from nature furnishes but a poor support in time of actual trial.

... there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down,  
that it will sprout again,  
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,  
And the stock thereof die in the ground;  
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,  
And put forth boughs like a plant.  
But man dieth, and wasteth away:  
Yea, man gaspeth out his breath—and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea,  
And the river decayeth and drieth up;  
So man lieth down and riseth not;  
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,

Nor be roused out of their sleep.  
Oh that thou wouldest hide me in the grave;  
That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past,  
That thou wouldest appoint me a set time and remember me!

If a man die, shall he live again?  
Then all the days of my warfare would I wait,  
Till my release should come.<sup>2</sup>

Once, indeed, out of his very despair a hope of immortality is struck, as a spark by the blow of flint on steel, but only to expire as speedily as such a spark. He cannot disbelieve in the divine justice; this life is not just: therefore there must

<sup>1</sup> Job x., 3-7.

<sup>2</sup> Job xxi., 7-15.

<sup>1</sup> Job xxi., 17-20.

<sup>2</sup> Job xiv., 7-14.

come, there will come, a day of vindication :

I know that my Vindicator liveth,  
And that he shall stand up at the last upon  
the earth :  
And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,  
Yet without my flesh shall I see God :  
Whom I shall see for myself,  
And mine eyes shall behold and not another.

But this hope, born of despair, is but a momentary gleam, like a star shining through a murky atmosphere; then the clouds roll up again and it is gone.

The bitterness of his experience is not that his theology is absolutely shattered—he does not lament its loss; nor that his faith in immortality is overthrown—he lived before the age of faith in immortality, and was learning one ground of that faith in learning the imperfection and injustice of this earthly life, if this life is indeed all. It is not even in the desertion of him by his friends or the scornful abandonment of his faith by his wife. It is that the God whom he had believed to be a just God and a personal friend has become in his thought a personal enemy, an adversary, a “watcher of man,” whose justice it is well-nigh impossible for him any longer to believe in. He tauntingly challenges God to produce his accusations; he would meet them as a prince; he would glory in them. It almost seems as though by his challenge he would provoke the Almighty to this trial in the court of reason and of justice :

Oh that I had one to hear me !  
(Lo, here is my signature, let the Almighty  
answer me.)  
And that I had the indictment which mine  
adversary hath written !  
Surely I would carry it upon my shoulder ;  
I would bind it unto me as a crown.  
I would declare unto him the number of my  
steps ;  
As a prince would I go near unto him.<sup>1</sup>

Would even that he would reveal himself through another; that some man would come in human experience to interpret the Unknown :

He is not a man like me, that I should answer  
him,  
That we should come together in judgment ;  
Nor is there any daysman betwixt us,  
That might lay his hand upon us both.<sup>2</sup>

But God keeps silence; he presents no charges; he makes no revelation; he sends no daysman to speak for him; he

is the Unknown and the Unknowable, the Almighty, yet the Inscrutable. This self-hiding of God is the gravamen of Job's complaint against him :

Oh that I knew where I might find him !  
That I might come even to his seat !  
I would set in order my cause before him ;  
And fill my mouth with arguments.  
I would know the words which he would an-  
swer me ;  
And understand what he would say unto me.  
Would he contend with me in the greatness  
of his power ?  
Nay ; but surely he would give heed unto me.  
There the upright might reason with him ;  
So should I be delivered forever from my  
judge.  
Behold, I go forward, but he is not here ;  
And backward, but I cannot perceive him :  
On the left hand, when he doeth work, but I  
cannot behold him ;  
And on the right hand he hideth himself that  
I cannot see him.<sup>1</sup>

Job even doubts at times whether the case would be bettered if God were to reveal himself; responds to the imagined indictment against himself by an indictment of his judge, which in one breath he utters, in the next half takes back :

Though I were righteous, yet would I not  
answer ;  
Must I make supplication to mine adversary ?  
If I had called, and he had answered me,  
Yet would I not believe that he hearkened  
unto my voice.  
For he breaketh me with a tempest,  
And multiplieth my wounds without cause.  
He suffereth me not to recover my breath,  
But he surfeiteth me with bitteresses.  
Is the question of strength—behold, the  
Mighty One He !  
Of judgment—“ Who will set me a day ? ”  
Were I righteous, mine own mouth would con-  
demn me ;  
Perfect were I, yet would he prove me per-  
verse.  
Perfect I am—I value not my soul—I despise  
my life—  
It is all one—therefore I say,  
Perfect and wicked he consumeth alike.  
If the scourge destroyeth suddenly,  
He mocketh at the dismay of the innocent.  
The earth is given over into the hands of the  
wicked ;  
The face of the judges he veileth ;  
If it is not he, who then is it ?<sup>2</sup>

At length the passionate indignation of Job burns itself out; his friends are silenced and no longer add fuel to the flames; and he himself presages the conclusion to which the drama eventually conducts the reader. A theodicy is impossible. The ways of God are not to

<sup>1</sup> Job xxxi., 35-37.

<sup>2</sup> Job ix., 32, 33.

<sup>1</sup> Job xxiii., 3-9.

<sup>2</sup> Job ix., 15-24.

be justified to man; we are too little and he is too great for our understanding of him; at best we know truth only in fragments; we are surrounded on every side by the Infinite, and we can peer but a little way into its solemn mysteries. Men mine for the precious metals; where no bird has ever flown and no beast has ever made a pathway for himself, man discovers the silver and the gold, and the precious stones. So where no man has ever gone, where no winged imagination has ever soared, no human enterprise has ever explored a way, is wisdom hidden: God alone knows its hiding-place:

God understandeth the way thereof,  
And he knoweth the place thereof.  
For he looketh to the ends of the earth,  
And seeth under the whole heaven;  
To make a weight for the wind;  
Yea, he meteth out the waters by measure,  
When he made a decree for the rain,  
And a way for the lightning of the thunder;  
Then did he see it and declare it:  
He established it, yea, and searched it out.  
And unto man he said,  
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom;  
And to depart from evil is understanding.<sup>1</sup>

This is the conclusion to which the author of Ecclesiastes comes; it is the only conclusion of the Wisdom Literature of the ancient Hebrews; the conclusion of a consecrated and devout agnosticism. It recalls also the conclusion of Paul, the Christian analogue of the ancient Hebrew wise man: "Now we see truth as in a mirror in enigmatical reflections, but then face to face; now I know only from fragments, then shall I know thoroughly, even also as I am known. But even as things are, there abide faith, hope, love—these three. But the greatest of these is love." And when, at the close of this drama, God answers Job and his friends out of the whirlwind, this is the conclusion which he impresses upon them. Nature is full of mystery: wonder not at moral mysteries in life.

To attempt to report the sublime chapters which close this poem, in which this lesson is illustrated and enforced, would be hopeless. The reader must turn to his Revised Version of the Bible and read these chapters for himself. Let him not, however, fail to note that God condemns the three friends whose sophisticated arguments have falsified the facts of life

in their special pleading for him—rather let us say for their own theology which they have confounded with him—and commends Job in spite of his apparently audacious irreverence. The poet does not leave us in doubt whether his sympathies are with Job or with his three friends:

Jehovah said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath.

The epilogue in which seven sons and three daughters were restored to Job as though they were raised from the dead, and in which all his property is doubled, does not here concern us, except that it constitutes a conclusive demonstration that in this book we have presented to us a drama, not a history.

There is a philosophy called utilitarianism, the popular though crude expression of which is found in the phrase, Be virtuous and you will be happy. The Book of Job brings this philosophy to the test of life: he is virtuous and he is not happy. There is a philosophy called naturalism; it assumes that neither is there any divine revelation nor any need of one. The Book of Job brings this philosophy to the test of life: in sorrow the light of nature proves to be a great darkness. There is a philosophy called agnosticism; it assumes that God and the future life must remain forever unknown to us. The Book of Job does not answer this philosophy, for it is not argumentative, but it interprets the anguish of the soul in this ignorance by the cry: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" Centuries must pass before the Great Unknown of the captivity will bring his message to Israel that only by the Suffering Servant of Jehovah can Israel be saved; more centuries before the Nazarene will take up his cross and bid his followers take up theirs and enter into glory through crucifixion; before his great Apostle will declare that he glories in tribulation also; before his beloved disciple will give the world the vision of the saints of God, redeemed and redeeming by means of great tribulation; and many more centuries, it seems, must pass before the world can understand the lesson, learned so slowly and with such difficulty, that suffering is redemptive. "In the world," said Christ, "ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I

<sup>1</sup> Job xxviii., 23-28.

have overcome the world." In the Book of Job we see the tribulation of an honest heart uncheered by this promise of victory. "I am persuaded," said Paul, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." In the Book of Job we see the devout and honest soul struggling to hold fast to the love of God which life is trying to wrest from him, and which has not been authenticated to him by the love and life and death of Jesus Christ.

For in the Book of Job the problem of the ages is portrayed in microcosm; the problem of suffering as it has presented itself in all ages to sincere souls, conscious of their innocence and not conscious of that call to service through sacrifice which the life and passion of Jesus Christ have made vocal to all the world. In this ancient drama the spiritual tragedy of all the ages is interpreted. In it is the audacious challenge to life of a William Ernest Henley:

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

In it is the pathetic counter-pleading against life of a Matthew Arnold:

Let us be true  
To one another! for the world which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and  
flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

And by it we are conducted to the conclusion of Alfred Tennyson:

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith, we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

"We cannot know:" this is the conclusion of the Book of Job. Let us be humble and patient, do our duty, be true to one another, and wait for the solution of life's mystery. Let us realize that character, not happiness, is the end of life, and that if we do not serve God for naught we do not serve him at all. Let us not aggravate the sufferings of life by predicating their injustice; nor sacrifice our loyalty to truth in our endeavor to prove that loyalty to God is reasonable.

## The Old Governess

By Heinrich Seidel

Translated by Virginia Watson

**T**HERE is an old lady of my acquaintance who tells me many an interesting story. She has not had much sunshine in her life, which has been passed in continual care and worry for others, who have never left her the time to think of her own fragile body; and yet she has never lost her cheerful spirit. She is one of those unconquerable natures that do not allow themselves to be beaten, and she possesses in an extraordinary degree that wonderful endurance peculiar to women, which makes it possible for a weak body and delicate health to stand sufferings that would overcome three strong men.

The old lady, who has been a grandmother for many a year, has a still older

friend, whom she still speaks of as "my old governess," for she was once her teacher years ago, and ever since then their friendship has been cemented by mutual affection. I believe that the old governess stands in the same relation to her erstwhile pupil as she did in days gone by, still gives her information, and reproves her still in the gentlest manner for all kinds of youthful indiscretions. It was of this old governess that my ancient friend told me a story only lately, which seemed to me so unusually touching that I wanted to tell it here again, and, as far as possible, in the words in which I heard it.

"Some time ago," so she began, "I went to visit my old governess, as I wanted

to see her once again before she left for the Bethany Hospital, where an exceedingly difficult surgical operation awaited her—a matter of life and death. I found her quite composed and in her usual good spirits. I am sure that if, in the hardest days of my life, I have been able to keep my cheerfulness from altogether deserting me, it is to my good old friend's teaching that I owe it. As I entered she was just setting the table, neatly placing on it the pretty flowered Meissen china that she never used except on great feast-days or on some peculiarly solemn occasions; and she had also made some good coffee. Then she filled a plate with a delicious kind of cake which she had made herself, after an old receipt that she had never divulged, and had baked in her own oven. She knew that I had had a passion for it ever since my childhood.

"'Well, little Annie,' she said, 'we shall be quite happy for once again.'

"I must have sighed at this, for she looked at me out of her good, kind eyes for a moment and then said:

"'I am quite calm and happy, child, for all is ready, and the rest is in God's hands. If, according to my presentiment, it should not turn out well, everything is in order. I have been arranging things, little by little, in the last day or two (for I cannot do much, as you know), so that no one will be burdened and everything will go by itself. When I had finished yesterday, I went to St. Matthew's Cemetery, and looked at the pretty little plot that I bought for myself years ago. It was a glorious day; the sun shone, the birds sang, and roses blossomed about the churchyard. All was still and peaceful there, and the noises of the city were softened by the distance. People had been buried lately on both sides of my little plot, and are waiting for me. To my right lies a professor; to the left, the wife of a Privy Councillor. I shall be in the best society there—much too aristocratic for me, I am sure. And, only think, the loveliest flowers and grasses grow on the only spot of earth that I possess; so, although stooping has become very difficult for me, I gathered a bunch of them—see, there it is in the vase; and I shall take it to the hospital with me, and it shall stand beside my bed. While I picked this nosegay, a little bird was sing-

ing so sweetly in a wild-rose bush, as if he were saying, 'How beautiful is the world, how glorious is life!' And in the midst of his song he soared into the air singing, as if he could not endure his joy in any other way. What a pity that I do not know anything about such matters! I should have liked to know what sort of a little bird it was that is so joyful among graves, cypresses, and funeral wreaths. When he sings there next I shall not hear him, though I am present.'

"I seized her hand and stroked her delicate, withered fingers. I could not speak. But she got up, and began busying herself at her old, worn cupboard, a family heirloom, with its shining brass trimmings, and slowly opened the upper drawer. There lay the grave-clothes, all clean and spotless. She lifted up each piece, showed it to me, and patted it down smoothly with her delicate hand as she put it lovingly back in its place. All these clothes were embroidered delicately in white, but without any name or initial, as is the old custom. Thoughts that one does not want at any price come sometimes so quickly that one has not time to suppress them, and so the thought flashed through my mind how becoming they would be to her refined old face.

"'Day before yesterday,' she said, 'I chose my coffin; a most polite man with a sympathetic face led me around his shop, and showed me everything. Oh, what a choice there was! so that it was difficult to make up one's mind. There were magnificent coffins of metal, which shone like gold and silver, for counts and counselors. They did not attract me, for I thought I should not feel comfortable in them; but the polite man said: "Madame" (for so he called me), "we shall surely find something; we provide for every taste." And then he showed me a fine black one, that gleamed brightly and richly, as if it were of ebony. "Very pretty," I said, "if it were only not black; it looks so dismal."

"'Then I should recommend light yellow," he answered. "We have the same quality also in light yellow; look here."

"'That pleases me," I said, "only that it is draped with black crêpe, and that, too, looks so somber."

"'This trimming is usually very popular, Madame," he said again, "but just as

you like. If I might make a suggestion, I should advise you to let me arrange it as we often do. Imagine here and here and here, and so on, little bunches of two or three fine roses, and between a hanging garland of little Scotch briars; that will look charming, and will make a most pleasing effect."

"That pleased me, too; we agreed on that, and fixed on the price. Then he said: "Has Madame, perhaps, taken the measure already, or may I send some one to do it?"

"I answered: "You can do it here, now; the coffin is for me."

"Then he looked at me in astonishment, and gasped for breath, until I explained to him that, even if the transaction were not quite sure, he should not lose the order; I should see to that.

"He soon regained his old kindness of manner, wrote everything down, and when we parted bowed low and expressed the most fervent wishes for my health, and wished me good luck. No diplomat could have acted better.

"Then I went to the stone-cutter's to choose a gravestone. I had never been there before, and was quite astonished to find that he had everything—marble angels with wings and palm-branches, dear little cherubs with inverted torches, broken columns, heavy granite monuments and crosses, and, of course, headstones of every variety. There was enough there to stock a big churchyard. I soon found the simple stone slab that was suitable for me, for I had decided upon it long ago. As this was the last thing I had to do, I turned homewards, quiet and happy. Then I wrote everything down and put this, together with the necessary money, into a sealed envelope, so that all is in readiness. Then, dear Annie, I should have been able to look forward into the future without uneasiness if I had not been oppressed by a certain fear—not of the operation, for a great man has charge of that, and what human skill can do shall be done, and the rest I leave in God's hands. No, I am worried about something horrible, that it is not in my power to prevent. You know that people who are under the influence of anæsthetics often say the most terrible things. Remember, Annie, I had this experience with a friend of mine, who was a dear, meek

soul, from whom I never heard a bad or ugly word. By her wish I was in the adjoining room during the operation, and, as the door had accidentally sprung ajar, I heard what she said when she was out of her head. She scolded frightfully, using the most dreadful words. I should not have believed that she even knew of such expressions. So, you see, this is what frightens me: I should die of shame if I learned afterwards that I had said such horrid things.'

"I tried, of course, to talk her out of this idea, but without success, and she carried this curious burden of fear with her to the hospital. I drove there the day after the operation, and learned that there was every hope of a recovery, but I was not allowed to see her, as she was still weak and exhausted. I spoke to the sister who was nursing her, and she told me the following:

"The first thing that your friend did when she regained consciousness was to seize my hand and look beseechingly into my face, and to ask me: "What did I say? Tell me quite truthfully, sister, what did I say?"

"So, keeping strictly to the truth, I said: "First, you repeated the Lord's Prayer most distinctly, and after a while you added: 'Oh, what must our Lord have suffered!' That was all." You should have seen what a joyful light shone on her face when she heard that. "Oh, dear sister," she said, "how I thank you, how I thank you for making me so happy!" And, in spite of her weakness, she lifted herself up and would have kissed my hand had I allowed it.'

"My friend has now been back home for some time, and is quite bright and lively. We celebrated her recovery only lately, drank coffee out of the beautiful Meissen cups, and ate some of the delicious little cakes. While thus engaged she said to me: 'My first walk was naturally to the kind undertaker's. He recognized me at once, greeted me most politely, and said that he was greatly delighted to see me so well. It was said in so honest and frank a manner that he quite won my heart, all the more as, after all, I had somewhat disappointed the man in his business expectations. I spoke to him about it.

"Nothing can come of our agreement

for the present," I said, "but it still stands firm. I have taken written precautions to that effect. You remember still—light yellow with the garlands of roses? Putting off is not giving up."

"“Yes, I know," he said, bowing again and rubbing his hands gently; "it will be a real pleasure to me to have to wait a good long time before carrying out your esteemed order."

"“Now, Annie, wasn't that nicely thought out and said, considering, from his standpoint, that he must make his living

by it? People are always complaining nowadays that the world is so bad; I don't find it so at all. If one is always good to people one's self, one will always find that others are good in return. That's my opinion of the matter. What is yours, Annie?"

So the old governess is now enjoying a new lease of life, looking calmly and happily into the future; for the thought of the pretty, quiet spot in the churchyard, and the pretty yellow coffin with the rose garlands, has no terror for her.

## Wanted: A New Degree

By Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University

**I** BELIEVE there are many men of a non-academic type to whom an honorary degree should be given. They are gentlemen who may worthily be called captains of industry; they are commanders of vast material interests. They entered life with such a training as the high school gives. Endowed with common sense and a sense of good fellowship—both very good senses—and energy, their progress has been rapid. At eighteen they were office-boys; at twenty-one they were private secretaries; at twenty-five they were at the heads of departments; and at thirty-five they were masters in iron and steel industries, in shipping and in the making of flour. But they have been and they are much more than their manufacturing and their merchandise. They promote the higher interests of the community. They love and serve the Church. They are elders and deacons. They love and serve public education. They are trustees of academies, colleges, and art galleries. The community is their constant and large beneficiary. With the annual increment of their riches society is blessed. Such men are found in every community.

The college, representing and embodying the highest and more general interests of the community, ought to recognize the worth of these gentlemen. The granting of an honorary degree by an American college is a most fitting method of recognition. But what degree can the American college give? The college cannot

give the degree of A.B., or its co-ordinate degrees of B.L., Ph.B., or B.S. These degrees are now regarded, except in rare cases when they are sold, as degrees to be won by years of college study. The degree of D.D. is not to be associated with these gentlemen. The degree of LL.D. does not belong to them. Their attainments hardly merit so conspicuous a recognition. Few of the gentlemen that I have in mind have done so much for the world as has one upon whom Harvard College conferred the degree of LL.D., who in the laureation was described, in the noble phrases of the President of Harvard College, as "inventor, worker of every-day miracles, who taught the deaf to see speech, and enabled the listening ear to hear the human voice a thousand miles." Such was President Eliot's interpretation of Alexander Graham Bell. But Alexander Graham Bell stands quite alone among inventors in deserving great honors.

In this condition certain colleges are wont to ask gentlemen to accept the degree of M.A. Harvard and Yale confer the degree of M.A. as an honorary degree. These colleges are pursuing this course in the face of the opposition of graduate schools and of many scholars. At the Commencement of 1896, Harvard College conferred the degree of M.A. upon one who was described as "persistent inventor; bold and upright adventurer of his capital; successful organizer of a great industry with new machinery." In 1898 the degree

of M.A. was conferred by Harvard upon a gentleman described in the formal conferring as "a judicious, high-minded, and influential man of business and serviceable citizen, member of the much-respected Railroad Commission of Massachusetts." I am sure that these two gentlemen do deserve honors from the oldest American college. But be it said with all the emphasis of simplicity, the graduate schools are right when they demand that the degree of M.A. shall not be an honorary degree. They are right and wise in their solicitation that it shall represent at least a year of work following the receiving of the first degree. It is only the power which Harvard and Yale use and the noble place which they fill in American life and scholarship that confer any fitness at all upon

the granting by them of the honorary degree of M.A.

Therefore I ask the question, would it not be fitting for us to add another degree to our altogether too long and ever-lengthening list of degrees? And what shall this degree be? I hesitate to suggest one, for the suggestion savors of cheapness or of undue boldness. But I may be suffered to suggest whether it would be unfitting to add the degree of D.A., *Doctor Artis*, Doctor of Arts? The Doctor of Arts should be more than the Bachelor and more than the Master of Arts. The Arts part of the degree is sufficiently academic; and historically, when one traces the word back to its origin, it has a content and significance which comport well with the material relations of life and work.

## Shall We Drink Wine?<sup>1</sup>

**A**NOTHER volume upon the much-mooted alcohol question has been published. Dr. John Madden, in his book "Shall We Drink Wine? A Physician's Study of the Alcohol Question," has made an exposition of reasons for total abstinence, basing his statements upon experimental and statistical testimony. To quote from his preface, "As to the facts herein set forth, they are the results of the laborious, painstaking investigations of capable, conscientious, dispassionate men, and they rest upon the sound basis of experimental evidence." Certain it is that just this experimental evidence is in demand for the solution of the problem, and without it the problem cannot be solved. For this reason, it is the chapters that have to do with the results of scientific research that we wish to consider here.

In the study of complex scientific questions it is often difficult to view all sides clearly without a large accumulation of experimental data. In reading Dr. Madden's book one feels that the author has not entirely succeeded in obtaining this full accumulation, and for that reason has, to a large extent, permitted his good purposes to be thwarted. To say that he has

selected the evidence on one side and rejected that on the other would be untrue. At the same time, we believe that a dispassionate specialist, taking into account the whole or the larger part of the scientific evidence as it is on record to-day, and weighing it without allowing any preconceived opinion to affect the balance, would put in a great deal on both sides which Dr. Madden has not included at all, and we believe that a large share of this evidence would come on the side to which Dr. Madden's predilections make him opposed.

The chapter upon "The Food Value of Alcoholic Beverages," in criticising the conclusion of Bödlander and Strassman, gives in some detail the view of Dr. August Smith, taken from his "Alkoholfrage." Dr. Madden evidently considers this view authoritative. To find alcohol named a carbohydrate is, at the outset, a trifle confusing, though such an error in chemical terminology does not affect the question at issue. To us, Dr. Smith appears a little dogmatic in his assertion, as it is quoted by our author (page 39): "Alcohol should be regarded as a respiratory poison, because it interferes with the interchange of the gases of the entire body by disturbing the normal life-processes of the individual cells." Smith bases this view largely upon the experi-

<sup>1</sup> *Shall We Drink Wine? A Physician's Study of the Alcohol Question.* By Dr. John Madden. Owen & Weibrecht Co., Milwaukee. \$2.

ments of Wolfers, which seemed to the latter to indicate that alcohol effected a considerable increase in the consumption of oxygen and a slight decrease in the production of carbonic acid. It is not easy to avoid the belief that if Dr. Madden had taken the pains to survey the large amount of experimental inquiry upon this especial subject, by a critical study of the original sources, he would have seen that Dr. Smith's view, as thus expressed, is hardly supported by the facts.

That alcohol is an expensive food, as the author says, is true in two senses. Its pecuniary cost compared with ordinary articles of diet is extremely high, but, more than that, there is no doubt that alcohol used in quantity in ordinary life is an expensive food from the point of view of the bodily economy. In what ways and how far the energy of alcohol is made useful to the body is still an open question. The author cites experiments of a limited number of investigators which seem adverse to the belief that alcohol has any nutritive value; of the large amount of evidence on the other side he cites extremely little, and thus implies that he has little confidence in its value. He protests against the "statements so widely prevalent in authoritative medical literature that alcohol furnishes an easily oxidizable food," and thus ignores the experimental evidence which leads the prominent authorities in the fields of physiology and hygiene to hold such views, and dismisses the subject with the sweeping conclusion (page 46) that as regards "the food value of alcoholic beverages as a whole, the spirituous liquors may be eliminated at once as having no value because they contain practically nothing but alcohol and water." Wine and beer, indeed, contain sugar and extractives, but the quantities are very small. "We may, therefore, without further consideration, decline to regard alcoholic beverages as foods."

The author's statement (page 42), "The amount of alcohol which may be oxidized within the body certainly must be small, even under the most favorable circumstances; for, no matter how small the quantity taken, some of it is eliminated unchanged," hardly needs comment, so forceless is the argument and so great is the accumulation of evidence to the contrary, from the work of Baudot, published

in 1864, down to the recent observations of Professor Atwater and his associates at Wesleyan University. The investigators of the last thirty-five years are nearly unanimous in holding that alcohol, when taken in ordinary doses, is almost completely oxidized.

The fifth chapter, "The Effects of Alcohol upon Digestion and Assimilation," can hardly have been written in the light of the work done at Yale University in the laboratory of Professor Chittenden. These observations definitely proved that alcohol and alcoholic beverages had a marked effect upon the secretion of gastric juice. They also showed that alcohol absorbed from the stomach, as also that absorbed from the intestine when the intestine is entirely shut off from the stomach, brought about not only an increased secretion of gastric juice, but a juice that was richer in normal constituents than the ordinary secretion, and one that showed strong powers of digestion. These results, considered in connection with those earlier published showing that the presence of alcohol in the stomach retarded the digestive action of its juices, have a strong significance. To quote the observers: "The two effects may thus normally counterbalance each other, though it is evident that modifying conditions may readily retard or stimulate the processes in the stomach according to circumstances. Foremost among the latter is the rapid disappearance of alcohol from the alimentary canal; . . . consequently in the body alcoholic fluids in moderate quantities would hardly lead to any retardation of gastric digestion." Not a little stress is laid by the author upon the retardation of digestion by alcohol in the small intestine. Here again the observations of Chittenden and his associates indicate that, on account of the rapid absorption of alcohol from the alimentary canal, the alcohol fluids can have little, if any, direct influence upon the digestive fluids of the small intestine.

While some of the statements are thus in conflict with the bulk of the latest and most reliable experimental inquiry, others are most excellent, so that, on the whole, the book is a real acquisition to the literature of the subject. The chapter "General Pathology of Alcoholism" gives a valuable account of the experiments of

Dr. A. C. Abbott, which, like those of Professors Atwater and Chittenden, were performed under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Drink Problem, and which show the decreased power of the tissues to resist bacterial disease through alcoholic poisoning.

We wish also to call attention to the more general discussion of the effects of alcohol as it is given in the latter half of the volume, and especially in the last chapter, "What is the Best Method of Dealing with the Alcohol Question?" This, in a conservative way, teaches temperance, points out the unfortunate results of prohibitory or other restrictive legislation when not enforced by public opinion, and lays emphasis upon the value of "proper education" by disseminating true knowledge of the evils of alcohol. In speaking of education upon the subject which is now going on in the public schools, he says (page 207):

The nature of the information thus imparted is often inaccurate and exaggerated. Recently a so-called "health primer" was brought to the writer's notice, which exemplified this faulty teaching. It was a "popular" treatise on physiology, inaccurate in its statements, unattractive in its style of expression, and the subject of alcohol was dragged in at the end of each lesson in an absurd attempt to "point a moral or adorn a tale." Yet this method had the approval of a professor of medicine in one of our largest universities, and was adopted in the schools of one of our wealthiest and most populous States through the influence of the superintendent of public

instruction. . . . Let the truth be told about alcohol and alcoholic beverages to those children whom we would teach to avoid them, and no generous nature will, in mature years, resent the teaching of his childhood and discard it all as false.

Nor is this last chapter a criticism alone of the methods now in vogue for the suppression of alcohol. Dr. Madden believes in the education of children, but holds that that alone is insufficient. He suggests that some form of popular education be inaugurated, and brings to mind the popular lectures in England on scientific subjects by Huxley, Darwin, and others. He says (page 208): "Though there never can be another Huxley, Tyndall, nor Darwin, every community of a few thousand inhabitants has one or more persons capable of teaching the subject of alcohol from a scientific standpoint and at the same time making it interesting and easily understood."

The following quotation summarizes the author's conception of the proper place of alcohol and the way by which it may be relegated to that position (page 213): "High license and all other restrictive legislation which public opinion will allow to be adequately carried out should be earnestly supported until such time as alcohol for human consumption will be found only on the shelves of the apothecary, and will be dispensed only upon the physician's prescription and only in such cases as call for sedative or narcotic treatment."

## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.*

**Animals' Trip to Sea, The.** By Clifton Bingham. Illustrated by G. H. Thompson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12x10 inches. 36 pages.

Comic pictures of animals on their journeys about the world. It is hard to tell what children will consider as funny. No doubt many of them will be pleased by these pictures, colored and in black and white; others may be more puzzled than amused.

**Brief History of Eastern Asia.** By I. C. Han-nah, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng. 5x7½ in. 297 pages. \$2.

A somewhat over-condensed but clear and notably well-arranged history of the continent of Asia, omitting, however, Asia Minor, Persia, Arabia, and Syria. The author is an

instructor in Trinity College, Cambridge, and has also had educational experience in a school at Tientsin. We need not point out the usefulness of such a handbook in the present condition of the Eastern question.

**Ethical Marriage.** By Delos F. Wilcox, Ph.D. The Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Mich. 4½x7 in. 235 pages. \$1.25.

**How to Pray.** By R. A. Torrey. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½x7¼ in. 130 pages. 50c.

The best chapter of this book is on "Obeying and Praying," teaching that a thoroughly obedient will is essential to effectual prayer. This is indicative of Jesus' meaning in his promises of answer to prayer offered "in his

name"—a phrase which does not mean "what it means in modern usage," as Mr. Torrey affirms, but means prayer in the spirit of Christ, as a truly filial spirit. In a work on this subject the polemic references to theological opponents in which it indulges are quite out of place, and considerably impair its usefulness.

**Historical Development of School Readers and of Method in Teaching Reading.** By Rudolph R. Reeder, Ph.D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  in. 92 pages. 60c.

**Imitation in Education: Its Nature, Scope, and Significance.** By Jasper Newton Deahl, A.M. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) The Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  in. 103 pages. 60c.

**Joseph Glanvill.** By Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. (Columbia University Press.)  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$  in. 235 pages. \$1.50.

Glanvill, who died in 1680, though forgotten now, was a striking figure in his time, a man of parts, clever, receptive, touching at many points the life of that century, and worth knowing for the light he casts on crucial points in its literary and scientific, philosophical and theological, history. Dr. Greenslet has done a very creditable piece of work in presenting him again to the world in his life and writings, his philosophy and theology, his "mind divided between skepticism, rationalism, mysticism," "a mirror of the complex tendencies of the time," and not only representing but attempting to harmonize them. "In reading him," says Dr. Greenslet, "one enjoys a broadcast light upon the life and letters of his old-time England." The interest with which this clear and entertaining monograph invests him, and the thoroughness with which the work has been done, are auspicious for the hope of more such work from the same pen.

**Lone Pine: The Story of a Lost Mine.** By R. B. Townshend. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$  in. 400 pages. 50c.

An inoffensive, if somewhat trivial and decidedly sensational, story. The novel is of the kind which is often called "summer fiction"—though why readers should prefer poor to good fiction in hot weather has never been quite clear to us. The title gives a sufficient indication of the character of the plot.

**Rockies of Canada, The.** By Walter Dwight Wilcox, F.R.G.S. (A revised and enlarged edition of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies.") G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  in. 309 pages. \$3.50.

This book is beautifully printed, and the photographs from the author's photographs are notably fine. The subjects of the pictures have been well chosen, and in every way, from the art and typographical point of view, the book is worthy of high praise. The narrative is not without merit as a description of personal travel and adventure, and incidentally it contains some valuable information about the Rocky Mountain region.

**Winning Out.** By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  in. 251 pages. \$1.

These incidents purporting to relate to the life of famous men are amusing, and each has a bearing on character-building and right habit-

forming. We doubt if Mr. Marden would want to guarantee the accuracy of all the anecdotes. Some of them may be apocryphal; all have instructive qualities.

**Works of Rudyard Kipling.** From Sea to Sea, Vols. XV. and XVI. Early Verse, Vol. XVII. Stalky & Co., Vol. XVIII. Illustrated. (Outward Bound Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$  in.

As will be seen by the titles, these four most recent additions to the beautiful Outward Bound Edition of Kipling include a good deal of his early and a little of his latest work. Certainly there is much in the travel letters included in the two volumes called "From Sea to Sea" that was worth preserving, and many of these stand re-reading very well indeed. On the other hand, many of the poems in "Early Verse" might well have been omitted from a definitive edition of Kipling's works with advantage to his fame as a writer of verse. The contrast between this volume and "The Seven Seas" (even allowing for individual exceptions) is great indeed. As to "Stalky & Company," no doubt many of our readers are familiar with the vigorous attacks upon these stories, both on the ground of taste and as to their comparative literary excellence when put beside such stories as are contained in "The Day's Work." Despite the partial truth of these criticisms, there is a great deal of vigor in the stories. In one point it seems to us the critics have unduly belabored Mr. Kipling: they have appeared to suppose that he was trying to depict either ideal or typical English school-boys; on the contrary, the ruling motive of the book is to present lads of an original, inventive, and irrepressible turn of mind; and if we rightly understand Mr. Kipling, there is an undercurrent of protest against the interminable would-be typical presentations of the English school-boy, who (according to these wooden stories) is so stiff and unoriginal in his sports, his work, and his ambitions.

**Work of the Holy Spirit, The.** By Abraham Kuyper, D.D., LL.D. Translated from the Dutch by Henri De Vries. Introduction by Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$  in. 664 pages. \$3.

No man is better known in Holland than Dr. Kuyper, a leader in Church and State. His vigorous book in defense of genuine Calvinism, which The Outlook noticed last year, has made him better known among us. His present work comes to us with the encomiums of influential theologians. It is a solidly reasoned work on the lines of strict Calvinism, and with a distinctly polemic flavor in its criticisms of anti-Calvinistic views. It recalls the old-time disregard of amenity, when truth was supposed to be at stake, to hear Dr. Kuyper denounce a certain view of "preparatory grace" as an "impious lie." His view of the office of the Holy Spirit is certainly corrective of the common notions of the average church member, who limits it to the work of redemption from sin. Dr. Kuyper teaches that it is the Holy Spirit who sustains the principle of life in all living things, and animates all rational beings, as well as regenerates and sanctifies the elect of God. It is, however, with this redemptive activity that the discus-

sion is almost wholly concerned. The point of view and the mode of argument are those of old-time theologians. Adam was created holy, lived nearly a thousand years, and in his loins were all mankind. A text is a text. If "Job informs us" so and so, it settles the question. "The implanting of the new life is not a *moral*, but a *metaphysical*, act of God," *i. e.*, "independently of his [the sinner's] will and conscience"—a view which tends directly to fatalism and moral indifference. Dr. Kuyper even comes close to affirming infant damna-

tion; the most that he grants is that many infants are saved (p. 308). His interest throughout is in maintaining the Confession of the Reformed, or Calvinistic, Churches against Romanists, Socinians, Pelagians, Arminians, Lutherans, Ethicals, etc. The distinctively modern lines of inquiry, for instance, the work of the Spirit in the organic life of mankind, are indeed suggested, but are passed by. The work is a noble monument of learning, but of the old learning, which, uncorrected, no more convinces the world.

## Notes and Queries

*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Is the Transfiguration recorded in Luke ix., Matthew xvii., and Mark ix., real or imaginary only? If real, what was the nature of the light which changed the countenance and raiment? In what form did Moses and Elias come, and how could the disciples recognize them? What was the nature of the cloud that overshadowed them, and the voice out of the cloud? What could be the object in the Transfiguration? C. W. F.

This narrative, given by three of the Evangelists, relates a real event. Preternatural phenomena certainly occurred. Whether the actual occurrences have been magnified in the narratives is an open question, in view of the fact that the story of Gethsemane may have been added to, as the margin of the Revised Version indicates (see Luke xxii., 43, 44). One who is familiar with the publications of the Society for Psychical Research finds no difficulty in admitting the occurrence of a preternatural light, apparitions, and a voice in the air. More than this no critical investigator of this event can affirm. A cloud on a mountain, of course, is wholly natural. One may think that Jesus told the disciples something which caused them to designate the apparitions as Moses and Elijah. Whether the voice was articulate speech or a sound sympathetically interpreted by the hearers, like the tongue-speaking in 1 Corinthians xiv., cannot be determined. The object of the Transfiguration must be inferred from the effect of it, a demonstration of the glorious nature of the life enshrined in the form of the Carpenter's Son.

Will you favor a long-time subscriber by telling me what literature on the subject "The Problem of the Country Church" I can secure, and where to obtain it? L. M.

This subject was discussed at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in 1893 at Chicago, and a report of it is given in the second of the two volumes entitled "Section Conferences," which can probably be obtained by addressing the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. The results of investigation and work among the country churches of Maine and Ohio furnished considerable material for the occasion. In "Parish Problems," by Dr. Gladden (The Century Company, New York), is a good article by the Rev. J. K. Nutting on "The Needs of the Country Church."

Kindly state a number of books which would be useful to a group of Sunday-school teachers studying the History and Literature of Israel from Elijah to John the Baptist. A. R. H.

See Kent's "History of the Hebrew People" and "History of the Jewish People;" also Riggs's history of the same, with "Messages of the Earlier Prophets" and "Messages of the Later Prophets" and Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" (Scribners). See also Kautzsch's "Outline of the History of Old Testament Literature" (Putnam's), or Bennett's "Primer of the

Bible" (Holt). For the literature upon specific books you will probably find references in the foregoing.

1. Can you give me the addresses of the National Indian Rights Association and the Woman's National Indian Association? 2. Does Dr. Gladden's book, "How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines," define the position held by the Higher Critics regarding the Bible and Church creeds? E. A.

1. Address Mr. Herbert Welsh, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia. 2. Dr. Gladden writes from the standpoint of what has been called the New Theology, rather than from that of the higher criticism. His aim is to show that, notwithstanding the decay of the creeds, the vital substance and force of the fundamental Christian truths are conserved in the new forms of theological thought.

Kindly give me the explanation to John i., 12, and Rom. viii., 14, 15. Are we not taught generally that God is not simply the Father of *Believers*, but the Father of the Race? What, then, do the above passages mean? W. B. S.

Distinguish between filial *nature* and filial *character*. These passages refer to filial character. All men are by nature God's children; not all are such in character. This distinction is one that is made also in human families.

Kindly inform me what is the customary way in Congregational churches to act upon a request for letter to a Unitarian church, and what do you consider the proper course to be pursued? M. W. R.

The proper course, when a church member requests a letter of dismission and recommendation to any Christian church, is to grant the same. This is customarily done, and we are not aware that it is customary in Congregational churches to do otherwise when dismission to a Unitarian church is requested, though cases of doing otherwise have occurred.

What is the most trustworthy and "up-to-date" account of the origin and customs of the Aryan race? What is the value of Morris's "Aryan Race" (S. C. Griggs & Co., 1888)? H. E.

The subject of Aryan origin is so problematical that one of the latest authorities briefly relegates it to the limbo of uncertainties. The work you refer to, while thus conditioned, is valuable in other respects.

THE BOYS' BUSY LIFE CLUB. The report of this club (in Milwaukee) is heartily commended to the attention of the inquirers who from time to time apply to us for such information. Address Mrs. Henry F. Whitcomb, 721 Franklin Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

A lady who is very ill desires to hear an old hymn, of which the first line is:

"'Tis for eternal worlds we steer."

Can any one inform me where I can find this hymn? O. D. W.

# Mr. Bryan's Address on Imperialism

We print below a few of the more important paragraphs in the address delivered at Indianapolis on Wednesday, August 8, in response to the notification by the Democratic National Committee. We comment on the address editorially on another page. Mr. Bryan had previously announced that he would treat in this address only that issue which the Democratic platform declared to be of paramount importance, reserving discussion of the other issues of the campaign for his formal letter of acceptance.—THE EDITORS.

## The Treaty with Spain

I was among the number of those who believed it better to ratify the treaty and end the war, release the volunteers, remove the excuse for war expenditures, and then give to the Filipinos the independence which might be forced from Spain by a new treaty. In view of the criticism which my action aroused in some quarters I take this occasion to restate the reasons given at that time. I thought it safer to trust the American people to give independence to the Filipinos than to trust the accomplishment of that purpose to diplomacy with an unfriendly nation. Lincoln embodied an argument in the question, when he asked, "Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws?" I believe that we are now in a better position to wage a successful contest against Imperialism than we would have been had the treaty been rejected. With the treaty ratified, a clean-cut issue is presented between a government by consent and a government by force, and Imperialists must bear the responsibility for all that happens until the question is settled. If the treaty had been rejected, the opponents of Imperialism would have been held responsible for any international complications which might have arisen before the ratification of another treaty.

## Imperialism and the Boer War

Even now we are beginning to see the paralyzing influence of Imperialism. Heretofore this Nation has been prompt to express its sympathy with those who were fighting for civil liberty. While our sphere of activity has been limited to the western hemisphere, our sympathies have not been bounded by the seas. We have felt it due to ourselves and to the world, as well as to those who were struggling for the right to govern themselves, to proclaim the interest which our people have from the date of their own independence felt in every contest between human rights and arbitrary power. Three-quarters of a century ago, when our Nation was small, the struggles of Greece aroused our people, and Webster and Clay gave eloquent expression to the universal desire for Grecian independence. In 1896 all parties manifested a lively interest in the success of the Cubans; but now, when a war is in progress in South Africa which must result in the extension of the monarchical idea or in the triumph of a republic, the advocates of Imperialism in this country dare not say a word in behalf of the Boers. Sympathy for the Boers does not arise from any unfriendliness toward England; the American people are not unfriendly toward the people of any nation. This sympathy is due to the fact that,

as stated in our platform, we believe in the principle of self-government, and reject, as did our forefathers, the claims of monarchy. If this Nation surrenders its belief in the universal application of the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, it will lose the prestige and influence which it has enjoyed among the nations as an exponent of popular government.

## Jefferson Quoted

Our opponents, conscious of the weakness of their cause, seek to confuse Imperialism with expansion, and have even dared to claim Jefferson as a supporter of their policy. Jefferson spoke so freely and used language with such precision that no one can be ignorant of his views. On one occasion he declared: "If there be one principle more deeply rooted than any other in the mind of every American, it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest." And again he said: "Conquest is not in our principles; it is inconsistent with our government."

## Imperialism or Expansion?

The forcible annexation of territory to be governed by arbitrary power differs as much from the acquisition of territory to be built up into States as a monarchy differs from a democracy. The Democratic party does not oppose expansion when expansion enlarges the area of the Republic and incorporates land which can be settled by American citizens, or adds to our population people who are willing to become citizens, and are capable of discharging their duties as such. The acquisition of the Louisiana territory, Florida, Texas, and other tracts which have been secured from time to time, enlarged the Republic, and the Constitution followed the flag into the new territory. It is now proposed to seize upon distant territory already more densely populated than our own country, and to force upon the people a government for which there is no warrant in our Constitution or our laws. Even the argument that this earth belongs to those who desire to cultivate it and have the physical power to acquire it cannot be invoked to justify the appropriation of the Philippine Islands by the United States. If the islands were uninhabited, American citizens would not be willing to go there and till the soil. The white race will not live so near the equator. Other nations have tried to colonize in the same latitude. The Netherlands have controlled Java for three hundred years, and yet to-day there are less than 60,000 people of European birth scattered among 25,000,000 natives. After a century and a half of Eng-

lish domination in India, less than one-twentieth of one per cent. of the people of India are of English birth, and it requires an army of 70,000 British soldiers to take care of the tax-collectors. Spain has asserted title to the Philippine Islands for three centuries, and yet, when our fleet entered Manila Bay, there were less than 10,000 Spaniards residing in the Philippines.

A colonial policy means that we shall send to the Philippines a few traders, a few taskmasters, and a few office-holders, and an army large enough to support the authority of a small fraction of the people, while they rule the natives.

#### What is Our Duty?

Some say that it is our duty to hold the Philippine Islands. But duty is not an argument; it is a conclusion. To ascertain what our duty is in any emergency, we must apply well-settled and generally accepted principles. It is our duty to avoid stealing, no matter whether the thing to be stolen is of great or little value. It is our duty to avoid killing a human being, no matter where the human being lives or to what race or class he belongs. Every one recognizes the obligation imposed upon individuals to observe both the human and moral law, but as some deny the application of those laws to nations, it may not be out of place to quote the opinion of others.

Jefferson, than whom there is no higher political authority, said: "I know of but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively."

Franklin, whose learning, wisdom, and virtue are a part of the priceless legacy bequeathed to us from the Revolutionary days, expressed the same idea in even stronger language, when he said: "Justice is as strictly due between neighbor nations as between neighbor citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when singly; and the nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang."

Men may dare to do in crowds what they would not dare to do as individuals, but the moral character of an act is not determined by the number of those who join in it. Force can defend a right, but force has never yet created a right. If it was true, as declared in the resolutions of intervention, that the Cubans "are and of right ought to be free and independent" (language taken from the Declaration of Independence), it is equally true that the Filipinos "are and of right ought to be free and independent." The right of the Cubans to freedom was not based upon their proximity to the United States, nor upon the language which they spoke, nor yet upon the race or races to which they belong. Congress, by a practically unanimous vote, declared that the principles enunciated at Philadelphia in 1776 were still alive and applicable to the Cubans.

#### Menace of a Large Standing Army

If we have an imperial policy, we must have a large standing army, as its natural and necessary complement. The spirit which will justify the forcible annexation of the Philippine

Islands will justify the seizure of other islands and the domination of other peoples, and with wars of conquest we can expect a certain, if not rapid, growth of our military establishments. That a large permanent increase in our regular army is intended by the Republican leaders is not a mere matter of conjecture, but a matter of fact. In his message of December 15, 1898, the President asked for authority to increase the standing army to 100,000. In 1896 the army contained about 25,000 men. Within two years the President asked for four times that many, and a Republican House of Representatives complied with the request after the Spanish treaty had been signed and no country was at war against the United States in any part of the world. If such an army is demanded when an imperial policy is contemplated but not openly avowed, what may be expected if the people encourage the Republican party by indorsing its policy at the polls? A large standing army is not only a pecuniary burden to the people, and, if accompanied by compulsory service, a constant source of irritation, but it is ever a menace to a republican form of government. The army is the personification of force, and militarism will inevitably change the ideals of the people, and turn the thoughts of our young men from the arts of peace to the science of war. The government which relies for its defense upon its citizens is more likely to be just than one which has at call a large body of professional soldiers. A small standing army and a well-equipped and well-disciplined State militia are sufficient in ordinary times; and in an emergency the Nation should in the future, as in the past, place its dependence upon the volunteers who come from all occupations at their country's call, and return to productive labor when their services are no longer required—men who fight when the country needs fighters, and work when the country needs workers.

#### Citizens or Subjects?

The Republican platform assumes that the Philippine Islands will be retained under American sovereignty, and we have a right to demand of the Republican leaders a discussion of the future status of the Filipino. Is he to be a citizen or a subject? Are we to bring into the body politic eight or ten million Asiatics, so different from us in race and history that amalgamation is impossible? Are they to share with us in making the laws and shaping the destiny of this Nation? No Republican of prominence has been bold enough to advocate such a proposition. The McEnery resolution, adopted by the Senate immediately after the ratification of the treaty, expressly negatives this idea. The Democratic platform describes the situation when it says that the Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization. Who will dispute it? And what is the alternative? If the Filipino is not to be a citizen, shall we make him a subject?

On that question the Democratic platform speaks with emphasis. It declares that the Filipino cannot be a subject without endanger-

ing our form of government. A republic can have no subjects. A subject is possible only in a government resting upon force; he is unknown in a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. The Republican platform says that "the largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them [the Filipinos] by law." This is a strange doctrine for a government which owes its very existence to the men who offered their lives as a protest against government without consent and taxation without representation. In what respect does the position of the Republican party differ from the position taken by the English Government in 1776? Did not the English Government promise a good government to the colonists? What king ever promised a bad government to his people? Did not the English Government promise that the colonists should have the largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and English duties? Did not the Spanish Government promise to give to the Cubans the largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and Spanish duties? The whole difference between a monarchy and a republic may be summed up in one sentence. In a monarchy the king gives to the people what he believes to be a good government; in a republic the people secure for themselves what they believe to be a good government. The Republican party has accepted the European idea and planted itself upon the ground taken by George III., and by every ruler who distrusts the capacity of the people for self-government or denies them a voice in their own affairs.

#### Can We Rule Colonies?

"Can we not govern colonies?" we are asked. The question is not what we can do, but what we ought to do. This Nation can do whatever it desires to do, but it must accept responsibility for what it does. If the Constitution stands in the way, the people can amend the Constitution. I repeat, the Nation can do whatever it desires to do, but it cannot avoid the natural and legitimate results of its own conduct. The young man, upon reaching his majority, can do what he pleases. He can disregard the teachings of his parents; he can trample upon all that he has been taught to consider sacred; he can disobey the laws of the State, the laws of society, and the laws of God. He can stamp failure upon his life, and make his very existence a curse to his fellow-men, and he can bring his father and mother in sorrow to the grave; but he cannot annul the sentence, "The wages of sin is death." And so with this Nation. It is of age, and it can do what it pleases; it can spurn the traditions of the past, it can repudiate the principles upon which the Nation rests; it can employ force instead of reason; it can substitute might for right; it can conquer weaker people; it can exploit their lands, appropriate their property, and kill their people; but it cannot repeal the moral law, or escape the pun-

ishment decreed for the violation of human rights.

#### America Already a World-Power

For more than a century this Nation has been a world-power. For ten decades it has been the most potent influence in the world. Not only has it been a world-power, but it has done more to affect the politics of the human race than all the other nations of the world combined. Because our Declaration of Independence was promulgated, others have been promulgated; because the patriots of 1776 fought for liberty, others have fought for it; because our Constitution was adopted, other constitutions have been adopted. The growth of the principle of self-government, planted on American soil, has been the overshadowing political fact of the nineteenth century. It has made this Nation conspicuous among the nations, and given it a place in history such as no other nation has ever enjoyed. Nothing has been able to check the onward march of this idea. I am not willing that this Nation shall cast aside the omnipotent weapon of truth to seize again the weapon of physical warfare. I would not exchange the glory of this Republic for the glory of all the empires that have risen and fallen since time began.

#### Mr. Bryan's Plan and Purpose

There is an easy, honest, honorable solution of the Philippine question. It is set forth in the Democratic platform, and it is submitted with confidence to the American people. This plan I unreservedly indorse. If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the Nation's purpose, first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe Doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba. A European protectorate often results in the exploitation of the ward by the guardian. An American protectorate gives to the nation protected the advantage of our strength, without making it the victim of our greed. For three-quarters of a century the Monroe Doctrine has been a shield to neighboring republics, and yet it has imposed no pecuniary burden upon us. After the Filipinos had aided us in the war against Spain, we could not honorably turn them over to their former masters; we could not leave them to be the victims of the ambitious designs of the European nations; and since we do not desire to make them a part of us, or to hold them as subjects, we propose the only alternative, namely, to give them independence and guard them against molestation from without.

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